

THE CRITIC,

A JOURNAL FOR READERS, AUTHORS, AND PUBLISHERS.

No. 132.

[SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1847.]

VOL. VI.

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NOTE.—This forms a portion of the New Edition of COX'S PRACTICE of REGISTRATION and ELECTIONS, the publisher having obtained permission to publish it in this form for the convenience of those who do not require the legal information of the other portions of the entire work. LAW TIMES Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand; Hodges and Smith, Dublin; and of all Booksellers.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW,

No. CLXXIII. was published on Wednesday last.

CONTENTS:

1. LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISE.
2. DYCE'S BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.
3. BROWNE'S WHALING CRUISE.
4. LIFE OF LORD SIDMOUTH.
5. ROBIN HOOD.
6. MR. DISRAELI'S TANCRED: THE EMANCIPATION OF THE JEWS.
7. STEIN AND HARDENBERG: PRUSSIAN ARIAN LEGISLATION.
8. MRS. QUILLINAN AND MRS. BUTLER: BOOKS OF TRAVELS.
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CONTENTS:

- XIX. On a Formula representing the Mean Height of the Barometer at the Level of the Sea. By Professor Hansteen, of Christiania, in a Letter addressed to Professor Forbes, Secretary of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.
 - XX. On General Differentiation. Part III. By the Rev. P. Kelland, M.A., F.R.S.S.L. & E., F.C.P.S., late Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, Professor of Mathematics, &c. in the University of Edinburgh.
 - XXI. Observations on the Principle of Vital Affinity, as illustrated by recent Discoveries in Organic Chemistry. By William Fultoney Alison, M.D., F.R.S.E. Professor of the Practice of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh. Part II.
 - XXII. An Attempt to Elucidate and Apply the Principles of Goniometry, as published by Mr. Warren, in his Treatise on the Square Roots of Negative Quantities. By the Right Rev. Bishop Terrot.
 - XXIII. On the Re-action of Natural Waters with Soluble Lead Salts. By Arthur Connell, esq. F.R.S.E. Professor of Chemistry in the University of St. Andrews.
 - XXIV. On certain Products of Decomposition of the Fixed Oils in contact with Sulphur. By Thomas Anderson, esq. M.D. F.R.S.E. Lecturer on Chemistry, Edinburgh.
 - XXV. Experiments on the Ordinary Refraction of Iceland Spar. By William Swan, esq. Communicated by Professor Kelland.
 - XXVI. Observations on the Temperature of the Ground at Trevandrum in India, from May 1842 to December 1845. By John Caldecott, esq. Astronomer to the Rajah of Travancore. Communicated in a Letter to Professor J. D. Forbes.
 - XXVII. On the Parallel Roads of Lochaber, with Remarks on the Change of Relative Levels of Sea and Land in Scotland, and on the Detrital Deposits in that Country. By David Milne, esq.
- Edinburgh: published by Robert Grant and Son, 82, Princes-street; and H. G. Bohn, London.

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For further particulars see Prospectus, to be had of all Booksellers.

THE CRITIC.

THE CHEAP JOURNALS.

THE daily papers have again plunged into a controversy, on the practicability and propriety of cheap journalism.

The immediate occasion was an announcement by the *Morning Chronicle*, of a reduction of price to fourpence—thus, after the trial of a twelvemonth, giving the most emphatic testimony to the soundness of the principle, by following the example of the *Daily News*.

The *Times* has very bitterly commented upon this defection of its respectable contemporary from the ranks of the high-priced, and in an article more than usually vituperative, it asserts, and backs its assertion by figures, that a daily paper cannot be sold for less than *fivepence*, and that at *fourpence*, there must be a positive loss on every paper sold.

But the figures were deceptive. The *Times* most disingenuously adopts, as the basis of its estimate, the cost of its own double sheet and supplement; which latter it requires for its own accommodation, and not for the advantage of its readers.

It is understood that the other daily papers are about to do as the *Morning Chronicle* has done; and then it will be palpable to the public, that the *Times* really charges the additional penny for a supplement which nobody looks at.

This movement in the press is peculiarly interesting to the readers of THE CRITIC, which was the first of the English journals to adopt the low-priced principle of the *Daily News*. Its soundness has been established by experiment; and when it is seen that the most respectable of the daily press is following the example, it may be expected that those who have felt a prejudice against a cheap literary journal, will now abandon it, and candidly admit, that low price in a paper that appeals to the whole community, is not incompatible with excellence in the character of the article supplied.

We may appeal with confidence to a comparison between THE CRITIC as it was at fourpence and THE CRITIC as it is at twopence, to determine whether the reduction of price has been in this instance attended with any deterioration of quality. On the contrary, we may venture to assert that there has been a manifest improvement in every department, and we may add that still greater ones are in progress. With the beginning of the new volume last week the size of the page was enlarged by one-third, so that it may now be fairly measured with its contemporaries of double its price.

A reduction of *one-half* in the price of THE CRITIC was a bold experiment. A literary journal for twopence was a novelty which it was difficult to reconcile with established notions. The publishers pronounced the scheme impracticable, and as our advertising columns shew, have not sanctioned the innovation. We point to the great increase of circulation it has produced,—the large circle of readers thus commanded. They reply that readers of a low-priced journal are not book-buyers. Never was there a more absurd mistake. There are few of any class who will not prefer to give twopence instead of fourpence for a journal, if its quality be the same; and there are hundreds who, without abandoning their fourpenny journal, are tempted to take the twopenny one *also*. And again, it has been urged that the readers of a cheap literary journal are not book-buyers. But even if they do not buy books (which is a mistake) they borrow them from the public libraries or order them in their book-clubs, and thus promote the sale.

The reduction of one-half in the price of THE CRITIC was stated to be an experiment. Its boldness and novelty have not yet permitted a fair trial of it. Whether it will prove so successful as to permit the permanent continuance of the present price, which is less than that of any other journal of equal size published in Europe, we cannot venture to state; but inasmuch as our aim is influence, and not profit (and we shall be content so that THE CRITIC pay its bare expenses), we shall not add to the price until the experiment has been fairly tried whether the immense circulation needful to its existence at twopence may be hoped for. This,

however, we can assert, that if ultimately we should find that a sale cannot be had of sufficient thousands to enable it to be offered at *half* the price of its contemporaries, it is already ascertained that it may be supplied at a reduction of *one-fourth* from the established prices, and that if an addition be required hereafter, THE CRITIC will not certainly be advanced to more than *threepence*.

To that extent, then, the experiment has in six months proved entirely successful, and it will depend upon the exertions of approving readers, by introducing it to their friends, whether the bold experiment shall be permanently adopted in its integrity.

"In the best weekly reviews the public do not expect elaborate criticism—the object of the reviewer is novelty, arrangement, amusement—he wishes to give faithful accounts (which he generally does by extracts) of new publications; and doubtless this, after all, is the proper and exact duty of weekly reviews. Elaborate criticism is seldom light reading; and though the public might once a quarter, they certainly would not once a week permit themselves to be seriously instructed. Yet altogether the reviews in the best weekly publications are considerably fairer and truer than those in the quarterlies; and in nine times out of ten produce a greater influence on the sale of the book."—BULWER.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

Reminiscences of Daniel O'Connell, Esq. M.P. during the Agitations of the Veto, Emancipation, and Repeal. By a MUNSTER FARMER. 1847.

THAT this book was written by a farmer, we do not believe. It is the production of a practised and accomplished pen; and we suspect that the author had no other acquaintance with the subject of his memoir than that which "our own reporter" of some newspaper might have picked up in the way of his profession; and to that busy, clever, and useful class, do we suspect the author to belong. His writing is singularly brilliant, and in the terse and vigorous style of a leading article. Until a more formal biography can be written, this will serve admirably to gratify the public demand, for some narrative of the career of the extraordinary man whose death his countrymen are now deploring. A few specimens will amply justify this praise.

Who can wonder that the ardent mind of the young O'CONNELL should have been early impressed with a burning sense of his country's wrongs, and a restless desire to demand redress, when these were the scenes that greeted him:—

IRELAND IN O'CONNELL'S YOUTH.

The penal laws were then in full force; priest-hunting was as favourite a sport with the ultra-Protestant gentry, as fox-hunting and hare-hunting at a later period; the ritual and services of the Catholic church, proscribed by law, were celebrated in the rocky ravines and remote recesses of the mountains; any Protestant could compel his Catholic neighbour to give him up his best horse for five pounds; and this law was absolutely enforced by a Protestant squire, whose horse was worsted in a race by the steed of a Catholic gentleman. He consoled himself for his defeat, by the compulsory purchase of the winning horse. The peasants of Ireland, goaded to agrarian insurrections by intolerable oppression, were coerced by laws which Arthur Young declared to be "fit only for the regions of Barbary;" and the great bulk of the Protestant clergy neglected almost every clerical duty save the levying of tithes, but in this they exhibited a zealous energy, almost amounting to severity, as if to compensate for their deficiency in everything else. But hope had already dawned for Ireland, as one of her popular prophecies predicted, in the far-distant West: the war of independence had begun in America; and as the successes of the colonists increased, so the galling restrictions on the Irish Catholics were relaxed, partly from the necessity of conciliating them during a dangerous struggle, but chiefly from the growing liberality and intelligence of the age. Having said so much of the time, we

have next to notice some peculiarities of the place, of his birth. The rocky coast of Kerry, indented by numerous small harbours, afforded means of embarkation for the young and adventurous Irish Catholics, who, finding themselves excluded from the British army on account of their religion, sought to gratify their love of excitement by entering the Irish brigades in the service of France. "The flights of wild geese," as the evasions of these emigrants were whimsically called, are said to have been periodical from Valentia harbour; and in consequence of this form of intercourse, what the law called smuggling, and what those engaged in it called free trade, was very active between the French ports and this part of Ireland. Morgan O'Connell's store, or shop, at Cahirciveen, received many a cargo of French laces, wines, and silks, which were sold at an immense profit in the south and west of Ireland, and enabled him rapidly to accumulate a large fortune.

O'CONNELL was educated at St. Omer, and it was exceedingly narrow.

O'CONNELL'S EDUCATION.

O'Connell's education at St. Omer was narrow and sectarian; in no seminary were hierocratic doctrines more rigidly inculcated; and the duties and labours of his arduous profession prevented him from having these notions corrected by general reading and literary acquirements. O'Connell was neither a sound nor an elegant scholar; his classical attainments were below the average of a schoolboy; in history he had read little beyond the compilations with which men of large business are too generally contented; and though he had some taste for mental and moral philosophy, it was never cultivated. He relied entirely for his success on his own mental resources, and they were unquestionably vast; never did any man make so great a show with so limited a stock of information. It was not until he turned author, and gave the world his puerile History of Ireland, that men discovered how scanty was the stock on which he traded. The theology of St. Omer, which attributed a sanctity, and almost an impeccability, to the sacerdotal character, was the predominant feeling of O'Connell's life: he honestly believed that the best service he could render Ireland was to increase and strengthen the power of the Catholic priesthood; and it is therefore no wonder that he received, through life, the zealous support of that body, which is indebted almost entirely to him for its present existence as a power in the state.

He married privately in 1802 to the great displeasure of his uncle, who withdrew his allowance and necessarily compelled him to dedicate all his powers to his profession. This is the sketch of

O'CONNELL IN 1802.

Feeling sensibly his responsibilities as a husband and father, he devoted himself to the study of law with a zeal and diligence which nothing but a frame of iron could support. At the first dawn of day in summer, and by the light of a glimmering taper in winter, he might be seen daily entering his solitary library, and seating himself at his task before a characteristic piece of furniture, a crucifix and holy-water vase; after a few moments of silent devotion, he bent himself to the study of the law, sanctified by the presence of the symbol of religion. By these labours he soon became one of the best pleaders at the Irish bar: his professional reputation extended, and his emoluments were proportionately increased. When breakfast was over, his burly form excited attention, as he moved towards the Four Courts, at a pace which compelled panting attorneys to toil after him in vain. His umbrella, shouldered like a pike, was invariably his companion; the military step which he had acquired in the yeomanry, strangely blended with the trot characteristic of an active sportsman on the mountains of Kerry, gave him the appearance of a Highland chieftain—a similarity increased when his celebrity as an agitator began to ensure him "a tail" of admiring followers whenever he appeared in public.

In 1806 he took an active part in politics, joining first the Orange Catholics. In 1810, a speech on the Repeal of the Union was received with such rapturous applause that he felt his vocation to be that of an agitator, and plunged into it accordingly.

His subsequent career is part of our history, and it will be sufficient to take only the particulars here given of the most memorable event of his life.

THE CLARE ELECTION.

The history of the Clare election remains to be written; time cannot efface the vivid recollections of the scene. Mr. Fitzgerald appeared on the hustings surrounded by the principal gentlemen of the county, including many who had been his political opponents. Indeed, he was proposed by the gentleman who had been his rival candidate at the preceding election. O'Connell had with him a very few of the gentry, but he had a large attendance of the priesthood. He was proposed by O'Gorman Mahon, and seconded by Mr. Steele. Mr. Fitzgerald then addressed the assembly: he spoke in a subdued and melancholy tone; he burst into tears as he referred to the services of his revered father, then extended on a bed of sickness and approaching death; he spoke of himself with unaffected modesty, not concealing that the opposition to his election was equally mortifying and unexpected. So conciliatory was his address, that though the vast majority of the audience were enthusiastic in the support of his rival, they cheered him at the conclusion with a burst of applause which shook the court-house. O'Connell's address was never surpassed by himself in sarcastic vituperation. His language, tone, and manner, exhibited assurance of victory, and measureless contempt for his opponents. "This," said he, pointing to his rival, "is the friend of the bloody Perceval, and the candid and manly Peel; and he is our friend, and he is everybody's friend." Unmerited as was the epithet applied to Perceval, it was delivered with a force of expression which thrilled the multitude, and even affected those who were convinced of its injustice. He then turned on Mr. Fitzgerald's principal supporters, and assailed them with withering invective, not unfrequently degenerating into downright abuse, but not, on that account, less palatable to the great majority of those whom he addressed. The election was the most orderly ever contested in Ireland. The Catholic leaders and the priests exerted themselves successfully to keep the people quiet. They forbade them to touch spirituous liquors, and, though Father Mathew had not yet appeared, not a single glass of whiskey was tasted by any of the peasantry during the election. Some strange events occurred. Sir Edward O'Brien assembled his tenants in a body, to march to the hustings and vote for Fitzgerald. Father Murphy, of Corofin, met them, harangued them, and, placing himself at their head, led them into Ennis, and polled them, to a man, for O'Connell. Father Tom did the same with the tenants of Mr. Augustine Butler. One evening, at the close of the poll, while the crowd waited to hear the number announced, a Catholic priest, realising in his appearance Sir Walter Scott's description of Habakkuk Mucklewraith, ascended the Hustings, and in a sepulchral voice announced that a Catholic had that day voted for Fitzgerald. Groans and cries of "shame!" burst from the crowd. "Silence!" said the priest, "the hand of God has struck him; he has just died of apoplexy. Pray for his soul." The whole multitude knelt down, and a prayer was muttered in sobs and tears. The announcement was correct; the wretched man was so affected by having voted, as he believed, against his conscience and his country, that he sunk under the feeling. On the sixth day Mr. Fitzgerald resigned the contest, and O'Connell was returned. The consequences of this victory were momentous: aggregate meetings were held in various parts of the country, at which many, both of the Protestant and Catholic aristocracy, attended, and took the pledges dictated by the Catholic Association. The peasant factions, which used to meet for battle on every holiday and

every fair, met, under the guidance of the agitators, to forswear their feuds, and join hands in amity. The tranquillity of Ireland was terrible. Mr. G. R. Dawson announced himself a convert to emancipation; the more ardent Protestants formed Brunswick clubs, in which they emulated the violence, without exhibiting the eloquence, of the Catholic Association. Ministers had to choose between emancipation and civil war. The Duke of Wellington, after a long and painful struggle, induced the King to consent that Catholics should be restored to their place in the Constitution. Emancipation had been delayed too long, and was at the last very ungraciously conceded. A stringent Act was passed for suppressing the Association; a miserable clause prohibited the Catholic prelates from taking the titles of their sees; and, to gratify the spleen of George IV. the Emancipation Act was so worded as to exclude O'Connell from his seat for Clare. Such was the boasted measure of 1829; so concocted as to combine favour with insult—so managed as to shew that the favour was extorted, and the insult designed.

HISTORY.

History of the House of Austria. By WILLIAM COXE, F.R.S. In 3 vols. Vol. III. London: Bohn.

THE present volume concludes this standard history, which is too well known to fame to need description. But it is an event worth recording in a Journal of English Literature, that it should be offered entire for a few shillings through the medium of Mr. BOHN'S "Standard Library."

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Voyage of Discovery and Research in the Southern and Antarctic Regions, during the Years 1839-43. By Captain Sir JAMES CLARK ROSS, R.N. Knt. D.C.L. &c. In 2 vols. London, Murray.

CAPTAIN SIR J. C. ROSS was despatched in 1838 by the Government to make a series of magnetic observations in the Southern Ocean, in accordance with certain propositions submitted by the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The opportunity was taken to advance other inquiries in geography and natural history, and, to make the expedition as perfect as possible for its purposes, two vessels were provided with every equipment science could suggest and ingenuity devise, and the whole was placed under the command of Sir J. C. Ross. The observations were to extend to New South Wales, Van Dieman's Land, and New Zealand. Visits were also paid to the Falkland Islands and to Cape Horn. He penetrated so low into the Southern Ocean as the 78th degree of latitude, discovered what he supposes to be a continent, and traced it for a considerable extent, until stopped by the ice, which formed a barrier ranging from 150 to 300 feet in height. Here he found himself within 160 miles of the magnetic pole, and he made many valuable observations, which are rather for the profoundly scientific than for the general reader. At this wild spot he had hoped to winter, and, when the frost relaxed, to reach the mysterious magnetic pole; but the state of the ocean forbade him to venture the experiment. Some idea may be formed of the climate of these regions, when it is stated that, even in the height of its summer, at which season it was visited by Captain Ross, the thermometer was at 12 degrees, and at noon did not rise above 14 degrees, and the ice only thawed sufficiently at midday to form icicles! The sea was beset with icebergs; fogs continually prevailed; the snow-storms were terrible; and the waves, as they broke over the ship, froze as they fell on the decks and rigging,

and covered their clothes with a thick coating of ice, so that the people suffered severely during the continuance of the gale. And this was in the height of summer!

But though baffled in this, they made a second and a third attempt. The second was even more perilous than the first. Besides the same discouragements as before, they got into the midst of a pack of ice, through which they had to labour for a thousand miles, only avoiding destruction by unceasing vigilance.

Such an expedition can scarcely fail to afford an ample fund of adventure for the curious, besides a large store of knowledge for the scientific reader. The scenes to which it carries us are strange and wild. The narrative is extremely plain, business-like, more after the manner of a report than of a book. This, however, is forgotten in the interest that attaches to the adventures, and to the scenes amid which they toiled and suffered. But the subject occasionally carries the narrator out of himself, and exalts his language to something like eloquence. These, however, in such a work are only of secondary importance. Plain facts are the objects sought, and the very manner in which they are told proves their strict verity. More embellishment would have made them less accurate.

With an apology for so long a preface, we proceed at once to introduce to the reader a few of the most remarkable portions of the work, which will shew the busy man what he will lose by not reading it, and the man of leisure what entertainment and instruction are within his reach.

One of the earliest scientific observations was on

THE MAGNETIC EQUATOR.

As we approached the magnetic equator, or line of no dip, our observations relative to this interesting question were more frequent; and in order to secure a faithful record of those of each ship, as well as to detect the cause of any differences in either, it became our practice every day at 1 p.m. to communicate by signal the results of all that had been obtained up to that time. So much advantage was derived from this measure, that I would strongly recommend its adoption by any expedition that may be employed on a service of this nature. We had watched the progressive diminution of the dip of the needle, and steering a course as nearly south as the wind permitted, in order to cross the line of no dip at right angles, we found the change so rapid as to be ascertained with great precision; so much so that the signal for our being on the exact point of no dip, where the needles, being equally poised between the northern and southern magnetic systems, assumed a perfectly horizontal position, was being hoisted from both ships at the same instant of time. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the perfect accordance of our observations in a determination of so much importance: nor could it fail to be of more than ordinary interest to me to witness the needle thus affected, having some years previously, when at the north magnetic pole, seen it in a directly vertical position; nor was it unnatural, when we saw the south pole of the needle beginning to point below the horizon, to indulge the hope that ere long we might be permitted again to see it in a similar position at the south magnetic pole of the earth. The regularity, as well as the rapidity, with which the alterations of dip occur, is also worthy of notice. At two hundred and eighty miles north of the magnetic equator, the dip was 9° 36', shewing about 2.05 minutes of change for every mile of latitude; at two hundred and ninety-two miles to the south, the dip was 9° 52', or about 2.03 minutes for every mile of latitude. It is to be remembered that this large amount of change is limited to the region of the magnetic equator; near the poles, it requires an approach of about two miles to produce an alteration of a single minute of dip.

Extremely interesting is the account of the

NATIVES OF TERRA DEL FUEGO.

The Fuegians are truly described as the most abject and miserable race of human beings. The Esquimaux of the northern regions are as far superior to them in intelligence and civilisation as are the New Zealanders of the southern hemisphere; and even the barbarous inhabitants of the interior of Australasia live in a state of comparative comfort. Overruled by our superior numbers they were kept in good order, with the exception of a few trifling instances of petty theft. They are admirable mimics, and were fond of the company of our people, singing and dancing with them, and entering into every kind of fun, for which seamen are so famous; and it was both amusing and interesting to witness their attempts to repeat the words and tunes of their songs, which they accomplished with a wonderful degree of facility. Landing one morning unexpectedly, I found our people teaching them to wash their faces; but the soap making their eyes smart, their ablutions were afterwards confined to the feet and hands. They then powdered their hair with flour, and decorated them with ridiculous ornaments, the natives greatly enjoying their altered appearance, heightened in no small degree by the present of a complete suit of clothes each, and many useful articles they got on board the ship. They went away in the evening rich and happy. The greatest number we saw at one time amounted to no more than fifteen. They were living together like one family, near the beach in Joachim Bay; and the parties which visited us generally consisted of three men, two women, and two or three children. The men came on board the ships without hesitation, but the women were never allowed to leave the canoe, and employed themselves diving for sea eggs, or picking up limpets, which are their principal food. The only weapons we saw in their possession were spears of three kinds, not unlike those of the Esquimaux, but of very inferior manufacture. They were of various sizes, according to the purpose to which they were applied, and to suit the power and size of the person using them. The largest was a beech-wood staff, nine feet long and four inches in circumference, with a strong bone head, thirteen inches long, quite straight, and tapered to a fine point: the bone head, which was fitted into a socket at the heavier end of the spear, was secured by a strong seal-skin thong, about a foot from each end of the spear, and used only for the destruction of the largest kind of seals. The bone head, when struck into the animal, trips out of the socket and acts as a toggle, whilst the released staff performs the part of a buoy. Another spear, longer and lighter than the above, stained with red ochre, and armed with a barbed bone head, finely pointed, but without any seal-skin thong attached, was probably employed against the smaller kinds of seals, or perhaps in warlike meetings, for the first party we met had spears of this nature concealed in the wood. The third kind of spear was hardly five feet long, and proportionably slender, armed with a bone head with seventeen notches, increasing in size from the point to the heel, securely fixed to the spear by a lashing of seal-skin, and probably used for killing birds.

In one of the canoes that came alongside the ship, we observed three arrows of very rude make, pointed with obsidian, which they were unwilling to part with, and the bow they kept carefully concealed. In the same canoe was a white dog, which they were so much afraid of losing that I could not prevail upon them to let me see it. This party were strangers; and, on landing at the head of the cove, they were received in silence, and with a solemn countenance by our first friends. They walked up to the wigwam, and seated themselves in a circle round the fire without speaking a word or manifesting any expression of satisfaction or otherwise, at meeting. The women, as usual, remained in charge of the canoe, and in about an hour they all left the harbour. They had come from one of the neighbouring islands, and were in a more filthy state than any we had before seen; their bodies and heads being smeared with red ochre, mixed with oil or grease of intolerable smell.

The Fuegian men are of smaller stature than their northern prototypes, the Esquimaux. The average height of six of them scarcely exceeded five feet. They are an indolent race, throwing the labour of paddling the canoes and collecting shell-fish upon the women. Their conduct throughout the whole period of our stay was peaceable and inoffensive, and their cheerfulness and good temper rendered their presence agreeable to us rather than otherwise; and, from the number of useful presents they received in the shape of knives, axes, saws, and all kinds of carpenters' tools, fishing-lines, hooks, and a great variety of other articles, I trust our visit will not have been without considerable benefit to them. Their language is most difficult and unpronounceable, so that we could only communicate with each other by signs, and of course could not gain any knowledge of their religious ideas; but we may now hope that the day is not far distant when the blessings of civilisation and the joyful tidings of the gospel may be extended to these most degraded of human beings, for I have heard that at this moment some pious missionaries are about to commence their labours among the Patagonian Indians who live along the southern coast of the American continent. They do not entertain that objection to having their hair cut which Captain King mentions of the Fuegians in Fortescue Bay. After reading that anecdote, I thought it right to proceed with caution to induce them to let my coxswain cut a lock from off some of our visitors: on presenting each of them with some hair they had seen him cut off my head, they did not make the least objection to his cutting theirs, and giving it to me; and before we left the harbour, nearly all of them had their long dirty hair removed, and expressed much satisfaction at their short crop, which greatly improved their appearance.

The observations on the magnetic needle at Enderby Island are curious.

THE MAGNETIC DIP.

Hourly and additional observations, agreed upon before we sailed from Hobart Town, were continued until we had obtained seven days of uninterrupted results, when we considered the magnetometric operations complete. The absolute determinations were next to be attended to. But in these we found very considerable difficulty. The place proved to be a most remarkable corroboration of what I have already said respecting the uncertainty and inaccuracy of magnetic observations made on land. In our course from Van Dieman's Land we found a gradual increase of dip, in exact proportion to the distance we sailed during each day towards these islands, from which we could determine with very great accuracy the amount of dip due to their geographical position; but the first observations we obtained here gave us too small a dip by more than two degrees. The cause, I of course immediately attributed to local attraction, and directed observations to be made at several different stations. At a position only thirty yards distant from the first station, the dip, with the same instrument, was found to be nine degrees less, and therefore eleven degrees in error. The rocks at this point had a peculiar ferruginous appearance; and on presenting some of them to a delicate compass they turned it round and round as swiftly as the hand could move; and moreover were found to possess a powerful degree of polarity, the north and south pole of the fragments depending entirely upon the direction in which they were found lying with reference to the magnetic meridian. They were not, however, loose stones, as those of a beach, but taken from the laminated rocks of which the land consists; so that we may esteem the whole mass to be one great magnet. Mr. Smith, whom I intrusted with this service, made many observations on various parts of the harbour; all of which are recorded, and will prove an useful lesson to magnetic observers. At the point where he had placed the magnetometers we found the dip accordant with our computations; but this was purely accidental. The dip obtained from observations on board the *Erebus*, sufficiently removed from the pernicious influence of the land, was that upon which we were

obliged to depend, and was probably very near the truth; and the variation at these two places also accorded very nearly.

This is the famous

CABBAGE OF KERGUELEN ISLAND.

The famous cabbage of Kerguelen Island, hitherto unpublished, was first discovered during Captain Cook's voyage. Specimens, together with a manuscript description, under the name of *Pringlea*, were deposited, in the collection formed by Mr. Anderson, in the British Museum, where they still exist. To a crew long confined to salt provisions, or indeed to human beings under any circumstances, this is a most important vegetable, for it possesses all the essentially good qualities of its English namesake, whilst from its containing a great abundance of essential oil, it never produces heartburn or any of those disagreeable sensations which our pot-herbs are apt to do. It abounds near the sea, and ascends the hills to their summits. The leaves form heads of the size of a good cabbage-lettuce, generally terminating an ascending or prostrate stalk, and the spike of flowers, borne on a leafy stem, rises from below the head, and is often two feet high. The root tastes like horse-radish, and the young leaves or hearts resemble in flavour coarse mustard and cress. For one hundred and thirty days our crews required no fresh vegetable but this, which was for nine weeks regularly served out with the salt beef or pork, during which time there was no sickness on board.

Captain Ross discovered, on the 11th of January, 1841, the new continent, to which he has given the name of

VICTORIA LAND.

The cape which formed the southern promontory of the bay was, at the request of Commander Crozier, named Cape Downshire, after his kind and lamented friend, the late estimable Marquis. Its northern point was called Cape Adare, after my friend Viscount Adare, M.P. for Glamorganshire, who always evinced a warm interest in our undertaking. It is a remarkable projection of high, dark (probably volcanic) cliffs, and forms a strong contrast to the rest of the snow-covered coast. Some rocks, that were observed to lie several miles to the north and west of Cape Adare, showing their black summits conspicuously amongst the white foam of the breakers, were named Dunraven Rocks. We obtained soundings in one hundred and sixty-five fathoms, and several small black stones, which came up with the lead, tended to confirm my conjectures of the volcanic origin of the newly-discovered land. Cape Adare at the time bore N. 52 W. distant about five or six miles.—It was a beautifully clear evening, and we had a most enchanting view of the two magnificent ranges of mountains, whose lofty peaks, perfectly covered with eternal snow, rose to elevations varying from seven to ten thousand feet above the level of the ocean. The glaciers that filled their intervening valleys, and which descended from near the mountain summits, projected in many places several miles into the sea, and terminated in lofty perpendicular cliffs. In a few places the rocks broke through their icy covering, by which alone we could be assured that land formed the nucleus of this, to appearance, enormous iceberg. The range of mountains extending to the N.W. was called Admiralty Range, of which the higher and more conspicuous were distinguished by the names of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, under whose orders I was serving.

Here they found

A NEW VOLCANO, MOUNT EREBUS.

With a favourable breeze, and very clear weather, we stood to the southward, close to some land which had been in sight since the preceding noon, and which we then called the "High Island;" it proved to be a mountain 12,400 feet of elevation above the level of the sea, emitting flame and smoke in great profusion; at first the smoke appeared like snow-drift, but as we drew nearer, its true character became manifest. The discovery of an active

volcano in so high a southern latitude cannot but be esteemed a circumstance of high geological importance and interest, and contribute to throw some further light on the physical construction of our globe. I named it "Mount Erebus," and an extinct volcano to the eastward, little inferior in height, being by measurement 10,900 feet high, was called "Mount Terror." At 4 p.m. of the 28th of January, Mount Erebus was observed to emit smoke and flame in unusual quantities, producing a most grand spectacle. A volume of dense smoke was projected at each successive jet with great force, in a vertical column, to the height of between 1,500 and 2,000 feet.

Amongst the many sketches of natural history is this of

THE GREAT PENGUIN.

During the last few days we saw many of the great penguins, and several of them were caught and brought on board alive; indeed, it was a very difficult matter to kill them, and a most cruel operation, until we resorted to hydrocyanic acid, of which a tablespoonful effectually accomplished the purpose in less than a minute. These enormous birds varied in weight from sixty to seventy-five pounds. The largest was killed by the *Terror's* people, and weighed seventy-eight pounds. They are remarkably stupid, and allow you to approach them so near as to strike them on the head with a bludgeon; and sometimes, if knocked off the ice into the water, they will almost immediately leap upon it again as if to attack you, but without the smallest means either of offence or defence. They were first discovered during Captain Cook's voyages to these regions; and the beautiful unpublished drawing of Forster, the naturalist, has supplied the only figures and accounts which have been given to the public, both by British and foreign writers on natural history. Mr. Gray has, therefore, named it in the zoology of our voyage, *Aptenodytes Forsteri*, of which we were fortunate in bringing the first perfect specimens to England. Some of these were preserved entire in casks of strong pickle, that the physiologist and comparative anatomist might have an opportunity of thoroughly examining the structure of this wonderful creature. Its principal food consists of various species of cancri and other crustaceous animals; and in its stomach we frequently found from two to ten pounds' weight of pebbles, consisting of granite, quartz, and trapean rocks. Its capture afforded great amusement to our people, for when alarmed and endeavouring to escape, it makes its way over deep snow faster than they could follow it: by lying down on its belly, and impelling itself by its powerful feet, it slides along upon the surface of the snow at a great pace, steadying itself by extending its fin-like wings, which alternately touch the ground on the side opposite to the propelling leg.

(To be continued.)

FICTION.

Russell: a Tale of the Reign of Charles II. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. Author of "The Gypsy," &c. In 3 vols. London, 1847: Smith and Elder.

THE author of *Richelieu* has grown young again. Just when his imagination seemed to be exhausted, his invention worn out, and the garrulity of age to be stealing upon him, he suddenly takes a new lease of life, recalls the creative vigour and fertile fancy of his maturity, and produces romances that are nearly, if not quite, the best he has written. We had occasion to speak very highly of the last, and this is no less entitled to praise. As an historical novel *Russell* is the most complete we have read since the era of SCOTT. It possesses the charm of most perfect truthfulness in the construction of the story, in the development of character, in the manner of the narration. Usually the fact and the fable are so inartificially united that the point of junction is dis-

covered in a moment; the constraint that attends the change from unlicensed use of the fancy to the trammels of sober reality, produces a stiffness of style and an awkwardness even in the aspect and speech of the personages, that appraises the reader of the transition from obedience to the novelist's will to constrained observance of the unaccommodating fact. Mr. JAMES has been singularly successful in shunning this difficulty; he has dove-tailed the history and the fiction so skilfully that the keenest eye cannot discover where the one ends and the other begins. The reason is, that he is thoroughly imbued with the history he has taken for the foundation of his tale. Other novelists are wont to read up for the occasion, and to cram their minds with a miscellaneous collection of names, and places, and costumes, and furniture, and modes of salutation, and the phrases of speech peculiar to the day, and to be content with thrusting these in wherever an opportunity offered, with little regard for consistency, and calling this miserable mosaic an historical romance. Mr. JAMES, on the contrary, has read history as a whole; has mastered its meanings, comprehends its spirit, sees in his mind's eye men as well as manners and clothes, and so has reproduced Russell and his contemporaries in so life-like a form, that they and their times will be far more vividly comprehended through the medium of the romance than by any of the regular histories.

LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL and the Rye-House Plot are, as the title implies, the event upon which this romance hinges. The character of that virtuous and amiable, but somewhat weak-minded nobleman, the womanly devotion of his wife, the generosity and fine intellect of SYDNEY, are drawn with admirable fidelity to the records preserved of them. The story of the Rye-House Plot is told with the embellishments permitted to the novelist, which heighten the colour, but do not destroy the identity. The interest is skilfully sustained, and, with the ingenuity of a practised hand, with this is interwoven the plot of the novel, which relates to the fortunes of a family involved in the conspiracy. Into that it is not our practice to enter, for it is unfair to spoil the reader's pleasure in the perusal, by a meagre outline that just serves to anticipate the dénouement, and break the charm. We prefer rather, by two or three brief extracts, to convey something like a notion of the author in his happiest moods.

This is a specimen of his dramatic scenes. It should be premised that Sir Frederick, a rude libertine, had inveigled the heroine, Gertrude, into a private room.

Poor Gertrude watched his proceedings with an eager eye; then cast a hasty glance over the table, and, stretching forth her hand while his back was turned, took up the large knife and concealed it beneath the cloth: at the same moment she thought she heard distant steps; and Beltingham turned the key in the door, saying, "Now we shall not be interrupted." "I beg you would not lock the door, Sir Frederick Beltingham," said Gertrude, aloud: "for that there can be no occasion, as your men without there keep me prisoner enough." Beltingham made no answer but by a single smile; and, returning to the table, took his seat opposite. "It is time, sweet Gertrude," he said, gazing at her with a look of passion, "that we should come to some conclusion. Will you go to your father? in other words, will you instantly give me your hand? I offer you mine: my heart you have had for years. Will you save your father's life? But say the word, and I send for the priest at once: are you mine?" "No, I am not, Sir Frederick Beltingham," answered Gertrude, with a great effort. "In the first place, I do not believe the tale you have

told: one deceit makes me suspect another." "I swear by all I hold sacred!" cried Beltingham, vehemently. "Have I not given you proof of what I told you? Do you think that, once having seen and recognised him on these shores, I would ever lose sight of him again till you were mine? But these doubts are pretended, as an excuse to your own conscience for the sacrifice of your father. Now, I tell you, Gertrude Ellerton, that even if you dare to make that sacrifice—if you are resolved coldly to leave your parent to the fate that shall certainly overtake him—it shall not serve your purpose. You know me, Gertrude, and that I will keep my word. If you are not my wife, you shall be worse. I have offered you an honourable fate, your father's life: do not you madly seek dishonour, and a parent's death. Girl, remember that you are in my power, as well as your father." "Not so much as you suppose, Sir," answered Gertrude, with a dauntless look, for her spirit rose with indignation. "You think me defenceless: I am so no longer;" and she raised her hand, clasped tight round the handle of the sharp-pointed knife. "Put it down on the table," cried Beltingham, in a voice of thunder. "I will not," answered Gertrude, firmly: "it is here my only defence, my only friend. Do not deceive yourself either, Sir; for if you attempt to touch me, I will use it."

"You shall see that!" cried Beltingham; and, darting round the table, he sprang upon her. Had Gertrude struck one blow, he was a dead man; for, as he stretched forth his arms to clasp her, his breast was left unguarded; but a moment of hesitation lost her the advantage: her heart failed—she could not strike; and the next instant both her wrists were caught in his strong grasp. But in terror and agitation she uttered shriek upon shriek, and she thought she heard steps running quick. "Silence, silence!" he cried; "I will not hurt you; I did but jest. Silence! put down the knife." But Gertrude held it fast; and encouraged by his evident alarm, shrieked for help again and again. The next instant the door was shaken violently and burst open into the room; and two gentlemen rushed in with their swords drawn, followed by several servants. Beltingham let go his hold, took a step back, and unsheathed his rapier; exclaiming, "Back! what seek you here? how dare you intrude?" Gertrude sprang forward, and fell overpowered at the feet of William Lord Russell; while the gentleman at his side darted past her, and she heard the clashing of swords. "Separate them, separate them!" cried Lord Russell, as she clasped his knees: but the next instant there was a groan, a heavy fall, and a dead silence. How often, when we gaze upon the magnificence of the summer storm, the brightness of the rapid lightning leaves the eye insensible for many minutes after to any less vivid light; and often, in the same manner, the passing of a rapid and momentous event, which relieves us from some great peril, leaves us unconscious of all else for a time. The sense of deliverance was all that Gertrude felt for several minutes: she saw not who were those that had entered; she beheld not what passed at the other side of the room: she was delivered—that was enough; and her spirit was returning thanks to God, while the body, under the persisting influence of terror, was still at Lord Russell's feet, and the arms clasping his knees.

In a different strain are these

REFLECTIONS OF LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL.

Lord Russell, however, knew his fate; it was a conviction that nothing could shake, an impression not to be effaced, that he was to be one of the first victims to the regained ascendancy of the court. He was as well aware as the King, that despotic power could never be raised upon a secure basis in England as long as he lived, and that therefore he was already doomed to die. But still he suffered not that consciousness of his coming fate to depress him, to weigh upon his spirits, or agitate his calm and resolute mind. He could sit down and think of death as tranquilly as of a journey to the country; and he did so. With his head leaning on his hand, he remained for nearly an hour in meditation; but he had cast away from him all recollection of the

conversation just past, of the hopes expressed by his dear wife, of the arguments and instructions of his lawyers; and he suffered his mind to run over the years far gone, till, travelling along the diminishing path, it reached the misty period of youth, almost of childhood. He remembered when he was a little boy, a younger brother at a country school; and then, when, fresh from college, he had set out upon his travels, little less a boy than when under the master's ferule, and how he had talked at Lyons with Christina, the murderer of Monaldeschi, and had run away from his brother at Augsburg to go and seek the army of the Swedes at Ulm; and how he had trifled amongst the gay dames and wits of Paris, and sported and fought duels in the capital of his own land after the Restoration. He regretted those times; he repented many of the acts then done and the opportunities neglected; but yet he could not help feeling his heart warm to the memories of the young days, when life in all its brightness was before him, although in the world's wilderness of flowers he might have sometimes lost his way. But then, as he cast his eyes to scenes nearer to the dark present, fresher and less tarnished joys appeared. He saw her he most loved in her young beauty, as he had first beheld her; he ran over the period of his courtship and his marriage; he remembered the birth of each child, the sicknesses, the anxieties which had visited his domestic home; the pleasures, bright and pure, which had effaced the traces of those griefs, like the sun's rays blanching the spotted web of life. On that last period, how fondly, how proudly rested his thoughts! He felt that since his marriage with that excellent woman he had been daily becoming more firm, more noble, more virtuous, more Christian; that the personal courage which had always distinguished him had become moral courage, which nothing could daunt, nothing could shake; that to her he owed the firmness, at least in a degree, which would enable him to part even from herself, not without a regret, but without a weakness. He sat, then, and called up the image of each person whom he had loved through life,—his noble father, his brothers, his sisters, good old John Thornton, and Nidd, and Cavendish; and the face of each fair child came bright, and looked at him in the gloom of night and the solitude of the prison. But those old memories shook him not. To the virtuous and the wise there is a vigour in tenderness, a strength derived from the holy affections of the heart. They had been the good whom he had loved through life, and he felt that he would be worthy of their love in death. He took no resolution how to act in the coming scenes, or what to say, or how to demean himself. There was but one course for him, one way, one line of action for such a mind as his. He could have sooner bent the stubborn malice of his enemies to mercy, than his own calm and upright nature to a meanness.

Tracey: or, the Apparition. A Tale of the Last Century. By Mrs. THOMSON, Author of "The Chevalier."

WE have been revelling of late (we use the term advisedly) in the works of GEORGE SAND. Misled by the abuse of them which appeared some years since in the *Quarterly Review*, and was echoed from time to time in the *Athenæum*, and other literary journals, we had shunned them as the productions of an inferior intellect and a degraded taste, and which were only recommended to congenial minds by their refinement of immorality. An accidental delay at a road-side inn, where a translation of one of her shorter stories had been left by some traveller, dissipated the delusion, and instead of the vice and vulgarity we had been taught to expect, we were astonished to find ourselves introduced to a new world of fiction—of the very loftiest class—abounding in sound reflection, just sentiment, and lofty feeling, expressed with extraordinary power of language, and, above all, exhibiting a wonderful power of drawing the most delicate shades of character, and, as it were,

anatomising the human mind, so as to bring full into view the most hidden springs of action. Here was a new study to illustrate whatever philosophy a man had, and to extend its range. Here were the examples of the principles he had learned. And this was combined with so many other qualities, with a fine and quiet wit, an inexhaustible flow of good spirits, and a knowledge of the world, set off by a dash of poetry, that we were at once amazed and enchanted. It was like the creation of a fresh pleasure—the addition of a new sense. Something original, substantial, real, was before us; we recognised instantly the hand of *genius*, so unmistakable in its impress, and we bowed before it.

The delight of that day has been renewed whenever we have taken a novel from the same hand.

After these *intellectual* productions, "how weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable" seem to us the three-volumed insipidities of our own fashionable novelists! Even Mrs. THOMSON, although one of the best we can boast, dwarfs into insignificance, when compared with GEORGE SAND. Like the rest of her class, she is a mere narrator; there is no ingenuity of invention, little originality of character, no skill in its analysis—in short, no philosophy. She frames a plot from the stores of her memory, throwing together small bits from different shelves of the circulating library,—scenery from MATURIN, sentiment from BULWER, manner from SCOTT, with occasional beggings and borrowings from Miss BREMER and Mrs. GORE, including a ghost inveigled from Mrs. RADCLIFFE's preserves, and from such materials she compounds three volumes, which are amusing enough to persons who have never read, or cannot appreciate, the more lofty productions of mind, but which, to those who have enjoyed the higher and more refined creations of her accomplished cotemporary of France, are like an apple eaten after a pine. But, comparing Mrs. THOMSON with the novelists among her own countrywomen—and she occupies a very high position—she knows better than most of them how to cater for circulating library tastes. Her writing is just on a level with the intelligence of her readers: she wisely does not shoot over their heads; therefore she is popular.

Her new novel, *Tracey*, is just one of the popular class. Its title is *taking*. The story has enough of exciting incident to keep the reader awake, without giving him the trouble to think, or requiring the use of any faculties, except those of sight and imagination. She is a fluent writer, and her manner is lively; she has, moreover, much worldly wisdom, that makes itself apparent rather in the general conduct of her personages, than in the form of apothegm. Occasionally, she hits off a portrait with skill and expression, as in these of

MISS PURDILLION.

They had arrived on the morning of the same day, and had entered that sanctum, the red-brick dwelling-house of Miss Purdillion. The whitest gates opened at their approach, and the most weedless of gravel-walks led to the house. It was all on the small scale, for Miss Purdillion lived far beneath her income, which was apportioned out with system. A drawing-room on the one hand, and a dining-room from the other, led from the small hall up a small flight of steps; the lawn before the house was all stuck about with small fuschias and myrtles on small green stands. There were small seats, just large enough for two, about the place; and here and there small juniper bushes studded the verdure; and there was a small greenhouse, all full of small flower-pots and small watering-pots. Miss Purdillion was, herself, a miniature of mortality, short and thin, with quaint features,

a board-like figure, and a small mind. Added to which, she was *pious*. I mean no irreverence to that word, so pregnant with meaning, so beautiful in all its bearings, when thus I write it. But, when it is applied to raise one human being above another, to make religion a garb, or an ornament to our fleshly weaknesses, to puff up the weak with an impertinent sense of superiority, and to cast a tacit reproach upon the less pretending,—it is then scandalously misappropriated. Miss Purdillion had lived in a little circle of relations, who, on account of some few dirty thousands, set her up as a lighthouse among her poorer connections, worshipped her as a little queen; and she knew as little of the real truth of things as any queen. Her sense of her own importance, of her own righteousness, even of her own ability, was thus nourished till the little creature fancied there was but one Miss Purdillion in the world—one arbiter of all that was wise and right. She never felt her own insignificance. Now, it is not a pleasant lesson to the mind, but if one just reflects what myriads of human beings have all the same sense of individuality, one may conceive how little one is. Such as she was, however, her virtues, in a naughty world, had shone forth resplendently. Her reputation, in days when women were either frivolous or dissipated, either played deep or chronicled small beer, was considerable. She received her friends with a neat hospitality, but careful. "I am very glad to see you—very, very glad to see you!" but the pasteboard features never altered. Up rushed to her assistance a lady of middle age, with large dropping blue eyes, a neat active figure, and a remarkable power of calling up enthusiasm at every moment. If Miss Purdillion was grave, Miss Hartley was in raptures at her wisdom. When the dear still little creature chose to be merry, chirping out like an automaton bird, Miss Hartley went round bustling to every body, squeezing their hands, "Isn't she charming?" "Isn't dear Miss Purdillion delightful to-day?" Cold manners are proverbially unpleasant; but there is a species of warm manners that almost provokes one to inflict some personal injury upon people; that outrageous vehement show of affection, that it puts you into a fever to return—that very great familiarity and ecstatic delight which many persons mistake for kindness, but which is only bad taste—are as unpleasant, to my mind, as a great roaring fire, which burns when you only want it to warm.

MR. MATTHEW PURDILLION.

It had always been a puzzle to Mr. Matthew Purdillion's friends to know "what use he was of in the world;" for, if he had a distinguishing trait, it was incapacity. He had been found too simple for business, too inert even for pleasure, too illiterate for the church, too timid for the army, too delicate for the navy, too susceptible for medicine, and too stupid for the bar. That he had his vocation in life was soon, however, evident,—it was a sort of stop-gap calling; he was the man who invariably came in at the wrong, or, it might be, the right moment, and frustrated a *tête-à-tête*; he was the man who sat longer than any body else at a morning call, in which there was no way of getting rid of him except by pertinaciously standing up (if you sat down you were lost). In short, the amiable youth had never learnt the meaning of that expressive phrase "*de trop*," the full signification of which should be early impressed on great, heavy boys, who never acquire it in the natural way. Mr. Matthew, as Miss Hartley sweetly called him, had much of the spaniel in him. He was impervious to rebuffs; and to those doomed sufferers who had the misfortune of his acquaintance he was distressingly faithful: when he once attached himself, like the polypi on a rock, he stuck for ever. He became Lilia's shadow. When she walked, he walked; when she sang, he sang; when she went to church, he went to church. Her existence was no longer her own; and his art of conversation was such, that perpetually small nothings were breathed into her ear, vexing the air and exacting the faint courtesy of a reply to no earthly purpose.

As a specimen of a different style take the narrative of

THE GHOST SCENE.

Lord Ravenspur laid his watchful head upon that pillow, whereon schemes of wickedness had often been compassed in a mind intended for better things. Weary as he was, his eyes closed not; but he thought not then of futurity—he thought not of *her* whose doom was found in the now closed-up hollow of the pleasure-grounds. As he lay, however, the curtains half opened. Noiselessly, a figure passed round the bed: he saw it first at the space between the drapery to the right; then he beheld it standing at the foot of the bed; then, dimly visible at first, but afterwards clear, as if the blessed light of day shone upon that faded and mournful face, he saw her whose image had, perhaps, never left his heart. The night-lamp threw a chastened ray on every object; the moonbeam lent its aid; but visible means of light, for which reason could account, were not needed—the figure stood in light. Clear were the features; moveable and yet fixed in steadfast gaze were the deep-set eyes; and thus,—her form, even her unchanged face, endowed with an expression of heavenly beauty and intelligence,—stood the lost Isabel. Lord Ravenspur clenched the bed-clothes; he gasped, and a tremor shook his feeble frame until the curtains trembled with the effects of that transport of fear; an awe still mightier than personal terror stilled his voice, which would have found utterance, and made his grasp on what his clenched hands held, powerless;—when mournfully, but with an air of authority, an aspect even of command, that vision of the unhappy Isabel spoke. She bade him, in deep and solemn tones, which yet in their recognised accents recalled the remembrance of Isabel's voice,—*attend!* she warned him to *prepare*; for on a certain night, and at the hour of midnight, he should *die!* Lord Ravenspur was deeply superstitious, but he was not a coward. He aroused himself, and prepared to address the spectre; but his lips were, as it seemed, glued together; his very tongue was paralysed; he could not speak; and whilst the vain effort was made, the figure, which, as some may think, his sad imagination may have conjured up, passed away, walked slowly round the bed: he saw it here, opposite to his very pillow—he saw it there—the face so wan—averted from him, as if the errand were accomplished, the mission of judgment fulfilled. Then it faded from his sight. The perturbations of this able, erudite, unbelieving, yet superstitious man, were extreme: he never professed to deny them; insensibility would have been, at that moment, a mercy, but he retained the clearness of his senses all the night: the consciousness of what had occurred, the remembrance of that fatal prediction never left him. In the midst of that agony of terror, in that awful certainty of doom from which never more he could escape, the selfishness of his character remained the same. Remorse afterwards did its work upon his spirits, for ever broken; but that night, even the image of Isabel did not recall one sorrow for her: he thought only of his doom—only of that hour, so distinctly specified, as by a prophecy that could not err. His valet found him in the morning still scared, haggard, gasping, or, to use his own expression, “more dead than alive.” It was long before the agitated Lord Ravenspur could summon his friends, and make that declaration before them which has been left on record.

The plot we leave to the curious to trace for themselves during their autumn loiterings at watering places, and other lures for laziness.

POETRY.

Theoria. By DIGBY P. STARKEY, A.M., M.R.I.A. Barrister-at-Law. Dublin, M'Glashan, Orr and Co. London. Fraser and Co. Edinburgh.

“THEORIA,” says Mr. STARKEY, “is a term derived from the Greek philosophy, and has been adopted by a modern essayist of considerable ability to denote the operation of the faculty by which we receive the moral impressions of beauty. That writer divides all science and all art into that which is subservient to life, and that which is the

object of it; that is, into the practical and theoretic. And in proportion as pursuits are purely ‘theoretic,’ producing results desirable and admirable in themselves, and for their own sake alone, without reference to any farther or practical end, does he accord them rank above all pursuits which (to use his own quaint language) ‘have any taint in them of subserviency to life, in so far as all such tendency is the sign of less eternal and less holy function.’”

It would be well were the truth embodied in the above quotation, more generally recognised; but such is the utilitarian spirit of the times, that with the exception of here and there a solitary dreamer, all men seem agreed to lose sight of the end in the means. The age advances doubtless; but its progress is the progress of a courier, regardless of all save the rapidity of his course, and not that of the traveller who rests to refresh his weary sight with some lovely prospect, or turns aside into a flowery nook, there to shake off the dust gathered by the wayside. The path of social progress is a railway, level and direct, scorning obstacles and difficulties, levelling mountains, piercing through rocks and spanning valleys, affording but few and hasty glimpses of the beauty of the scenery, rather than the winding roads of more poetic days, which led through green vales by clear streams and shady woods, or disclosed from the hill-tops a very world of diversified beauty. “Make haste,” is the watchword of the age, and few stop to inquire if they pass on the road the objects of their chase.

But let us not be mistaken;—we would not bid the world stand still, or cast one look of regret on the far-stretching path it has left behind. This is the greatest age that man has ever seen, if the triumph of mind over matter be a proof of greatness: but we would that it were aware of its own greatness; that its high powers were employed on high aims; that it recognised to the full the truth of which its own achievements are a remarkable exponent, namely, the superiority of the imperishable to the transitory, and that mind ought to turn its dominion over matter to its own benefit—the development of all its eternal faculties, moral and intellectual—the purpose for which life was given, and according as they are subservient to which, all other purposes are more or less excellent. But such is the admirable arrangement of the All-Wise, that “all science and all art,”—all talents, all instruments and all existences may, in their proper proportions, be made subservient to the one grand end. Life is the servant of immortality; and to conduce in any manner to the true improvement of the one, is directly or indirectly to serve the other.

As this is the greatest age the earth has yet beheld, and as poetry is the essential element of all greatness,—of all that inspires admiration and love, or awakens deep emotion in the heart of humanity, it follows as of necessity that the spirit of poetry cannot now—cannot ever, be extinct, for it is one with greatness, love, and beauty,—universal, eternal; and as lovely blossoms spring from death and corruption, owing often their brightest glory to a soil of evil,—so is antagonism necessary for the development of the highest excellence. The age is full of poetry,—but a poetry hidden and voiceless. The genius has not yet appeared capable of reflecting the world without,—of shewing to the times the beauty that is in them,—of detecting the truths that are struggling for utterance, and of proclaiming them with a voice that, like a strain of familiar music, shall find an echoing chord in every human heart. But though the ocean alone reflects a complete

circle of starry beauty, and gives back in unbroken brightness the beams that stray from Heaven,—there are yet bright lakes and little gleaming tarns, mirroring a portion of universal beauty,—perhaps it may be but one solitary orb of the myriads that people space;—and thus, though the great master-spirit of the age has not yet been manifested, there are a few stars of lesser magnitude emitting sparkles of that light whose dawn we long to hail.

Mr. STARKEY possesses, in some proportion, most of the elements which constitute a poet. He has faith in the Divine issue of things, sympathy with the hopes, the sufferings, and the affections of humanity,—an eye for external beauty, and a soul to detect its meaning. These are the characteristics of true poets; a great poet adds to them an intellectual capacity, competent to embrace them all in their widest extent, and a gigantic mental power capable of impressing its own conceptions on the minds of his contemporaries,—thus giving to the age the stamp of his own individuality. Mr. STARKEY's claims to the honoured title of *poet*, are, according to our own definition of them, far beyond the average of those of the rhymers who, for the most part, at present, appropriate the name. He is a poet, and we are happy to add him to the short list of those who perceive the true importance of the ideal, and strive to strengthen a taste for it by the manifestation of their own love.

Mr. STARKEY's best poems are too long for extract. As a specimen of his style, which is generally spirited, though occasionally rather obscure, we subjoin the following poem, which, we believe, has been previously published in the *Dublin University Magazine*.

THE BRIDAL IN PARADISE.

It was a night of glorious light, magnificent with stars,
Which flashed along the firmament in their triumphal cars;
The over-arching dome of heaven was blazing far and wide,
For Adam, sinless and sublime, that day had wed his bride.

Within a garden slept the pair, enfolded arm with arm,
Their pulses thrilling as they welled from life's young fountains warm;
Soft went their sighings to and fro, and round each breath
there fluttered
Ten thousand words of love, half-winged, and struggling to
be uttered.

And one was powerful in sleep, with brow intently
wrought—
A solemn calm, as though a spell had fixed some mighty
thought;
His length of limb lay still as stone, for the moon's broad
beam to carve,
Yet not in marble death, but all electric with life's nerve.

For there was strength and sternness in the slumber of that
form—
A something fearful and august, like a pause amidst a
storm;
His doubting spirits hovering near, nor could their gaze for-
bear—
They almost felt that they must kneel before God's image
there.

The other lay all loveliness, defencelessly reposing
Within the arm that twined her round; and her sweet lips,
unclenching,
Poured murmurs, half in prayer, half dream, yet more of
song than word,
As the breath of innocence swept by, and the fresh-strung
feelings stirred.

Each lustrous eye, in love's eclipses, was shrouded o'er with
fringe,
Which lay like shade, and lent her cheek the glow of con-
trast's tinge;
And the marble carving of her brow shone white 'twixt
tress and tress,
Like Thought's pure temple reared amidst a fragrant wil-
derness.

There all unconscious, yet intense, glowed human feeling
first;
Each heart that beat, each breast that swelled, Creation's
self had nursed;
All, all was new—the pressed herb heaved beneath the
breathing pair,
And long sprays reached all trembling down to touch what
seemed so fair.

And mantling odours stole around, and the softly sandalled
wind
Would lift the leaves and enter where that bower of bliss
was twined;

And go, and pause, and turn again, and whisper of affection
In the ear of love, which caught and clasped the rapturous
recollection.

Hush, hush, earth, air! glide softly streams; steal gently
waves to shore!
Back, echoes, to your inmost grots! repress, O winds, your
roar!
Nature, with finger on her lip, looked breathlessly around,
Lest one of all her new-fledged brood should break the trance
profound.

For now flesh slumbered, and the host of lifeless things
leapt forth,
Like stars into the firmament, when day deserts the earth:
From side to side creation swarmed—sea, sky, poured forth
their store,
And all things were astir with life, now that life stirred no
more.

The shadows plunged amidst the woods, and down in caverns
lay,
Which wild beasts haunt, before a tread was printed in their
clay;
And orbs unnam'd upon the breasts of glancing streams
were caught,
Unnam'd as they, and rolling down through golden sands
unsought.

Through many a glade the maiden moon pursued the mid-
night hours—
In many a lawn the enamoured dew fell back amidst its
flowers;
The forests whispered on their hills, and the mighty moun-
tains rose
Like silent altars under heaven, in eloquent repose.

And the pebbly brook told o'er and o'er its wanderings from
its source,
And questioned every stone it met of its yet untravelled
course;
And as it murmured through the dell, it listened, for it
heard
An answer from the rock—how soft!—responding word for
word.

Afar rolled the deep sea, and ran the isles in eddies round,
Like a monster hurrying round its cage to learn its utmost
bound;
Then howled like hound beneath the moon, whose influence
evermore
Shall lead it heaving o'er the world with unavailing roar.

And palms and cedars rose to heaven, with graceful tendrils
hung,
Festooned from lowly plants which grew their loftier lords
among;
And the rugged oak allowed the vine to seize it, unproved,
And the moss had clasped its own gray stone, that nought
might be unloved.

All, all was life, but life itself, that into torpor fell,
Breathed o'er by the beaming charm of night's mysterious
spell—
Sense after sense had reeled upon its late-ascended throne,
And left the empire of the world to spirits of its own.

One silver link of harmony stretched between heaven and
earth,
Too ravishing for sense to say from which it had its birth:
A nightingale's lone note arose, but trembled in the ether,
So slender was the thread that hung silence and song to-
gether.

Nature reposed—for o'er the land and in the swarming sea,
Tribes had been opening with tribes their leagues of amity;
Millions of freshly-fashioned things with primal instinct rife,
Now rested from sweet toil—the first experiment of life.

And the lion and the pard were stretched beside the kid and
lamb,
And the wolf sought not to tear its prey from the fostering of
its dam;
The fawn and the great stag-hound slept, for their fleetness
they had tried,
And, tired with the unbloody chase, now slumbered side by
side.

No sign was there of chance or change—no symptom that
the world
So soon should be a blasted heap, to wrath and ruin hurled;
Immortal was the hope of things, all boding doubts were
dumb,—
No; not the hand's-breadth of a cloud betokened what
should come.

Oh, wherefore was that trance not death? Why did the
morning break?
Why, why must they who slept in peace, to sin and sorrow
wake?
Too long, or far too short that sleep—for, on the morrow,
Death
Will breathe the lying hope of life, and blast them with his
breath!

Oh, had a prophet but been there, the warning voice to
raise,
Tears might have flowed in paradise, and reached the throne
of grace;
And then—e'en then—the fervent prayer of innocence out-
poured,
Might, as with Nineveh, have turned the purpose of the
Lord!

Woe, dreamer! Slumber on, blest pair; ye needs must
die and die.
To him that disobeyeth, DEATH, is Nature's sole reply.
Ye die, but for your life—behold! a God shall leave the skies!
To murmur o'er earth's sepulchres the magic word—ARISE!

The following may have been suggested by
HOOD'S *Song of the Shirt*. It describes the
woes of a different class of sufferers. Our
limits oblige us to omit a few of the stanzas of

THE SONG OF THE PEN.

Sing of the pen! sing of the pen!
Sing of the thousands of gifted men,
Who wring with pain a beggarly gain
From the sweat of their brain,
While the goose-quill danceth and driveth away
Over the paper,
Beneath the taper
Through the hours when mortals dream and fairies play.

Sing of the soul of nervous fire,
Gnawed by the vulture of desire,
Gasping for pleasure's finger-tip,
To cool its agony of lip,
Close cooped within the iron bars,
Through which it gaseeth at the stars,
Or any great and glorious thing
Beyond the flight of sordid wing:—
Sing of the soul thus overwrought,
A prey to suicidal thought,
Plucking at last its sword the pen
From forth its own most vital vein,
To ply the blood-stained weapon then
'mongst men.
Oh, thus it is with him who feels, and pours
His feelings on the shallow shelving shores,
White with the bones of genius wrecked and lost
On glory's fair but doubly faithless coast,
His brain awl, his aching forehead damp
With dew distilled o'er passion's quivering lamp,
While the goose-quill recklessly rusheth away
Over the paper
Beneath the taper
Through the hours when mortals dream and goblins play.

Sing of the pen! sing of the pen!
Sing of the pleasures of gifted men:
Ye who delight
To loll in listless interest lost,
Little ye reckon what the theme hath cost
The tribe who write.

Drive, drive the pen along
In sonnetting, tale or song;
No matter, so we cast
A wet page o'er the last,
And enter in our score
One mouthful earned the more.
There's silence in the house—I'm free,
Dear heart! to work for such as thee.
Hie to thy bed, beloved one—
Dark as it was, the day is done;
Thy throbbing temples need repose,—
E'en penury hath eyes to close;
Suffice it now 'tis mine to wake—
All labour's sweetened for thy sake.
And thus with prayers he sendeth her to rest,
To write of cheer with trouble at his breast,
While the goose-quill striveth and straineth away
Over the paper
Beneath the taper
Through the hours which man calls night and genius day.

Sing of the pen! sing of the wrong
That's writ in tears on the page of grief
Till it finds its fullest, first relief
In a rush of song;
And then the burning thoughts, now cooled, sent forth
To fetch upon the market what they're worth;
There challenged, cheapened, criticised, cried down,
Covered with insulting, supercilious frown,—
As in the slave mart, where each ruffian's free
To pass the hand o'er shrinking modesty,—
Till half recalled to the indignant heart,
Which fostered them, distress, with brutal dart,
Goads them from home once more, and they are sold—
Immortal thoughts, for miserable gold!

And sing of themes
Of history and science, and the lore
Of former worlds and systems, and the hour
Antiquity of this, worked out in dreams
By the lettered man,
With his deep-laid plan
For fame, and wealth, and happiness, alas!
To reach him when the daisy decks the grass
Upon his grave;
If, even then he have
The posthumous escutcheon of a name
For all the blazonry of real fame
His soul had sickened for—for which,
In rags, he had despised the rich,
And held that unto him 'twas given
To be the sabbath child of heaven.
Sing of each racking night—
Sing of the dimming sight—
The sensitive organ fading in the fire
Of visionary hopes—as flames expire
Before the sun; like the alchemist of old
Transmuting penury to dreams of gold,
Whilst the goose-quill travels and trembles away,
Over the paper
Beneath the taper,
Through the hours when mortals dream and spirits play.

Sing once again
The song of the pen:—
Of the humble coffin of the learned—
The shrine where genius lies unurned—
There cyress takes the place of palm,
And ivy twines in sacred calm,

With gentle evergreens, that wind
Around the tomb of now enfranchised mind.
Simple and small
Be the penman's pall;
Let kings and heroes be smothered in plumes,
Paraded in state to their pompous tombs;
Happy they be,
And happy is he,
The thoughtful man, though that great man's slave,
If his words have fluttered
Like spirits before the mouths of men,
And, the words once uttered,
The utterer lyeth him down in his grave
With his pen.

He had lived too much with life to be smitten—
He had lived—had seen—had felt—had written;—
Had hoped the best and known the worst;
And in that fatal hoping cursed,
And in that knowledge blest,
Had calmly turned from what so charmed at first,
And laid him down to rest.
It is, in sooth, a blessed ending given
To men whose energies are over-driven;
Doves and all gentle natures hover, mourning,
Above the first, last resting-place of learning.
And thus I have sung and sung
The song of the pen,
That your spirits might not be wrung,
For these wretched men.
They are happy—aye, happier far,
Than many who pity them are:
While the goose-quill wingeth its heavenward way,
Over the paper,
By sun or taper
From this o'ershadowed scene to mind's unclouded day.

EDUCATION.

Scripture History made Easy. By W. PINNOCK.
Gibbs.

An abstract of the history of the Bible for the use
of young children. At the close of each section
are questions which the teacher should put to the
pupil to test his knowledge.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

*The Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Re-
view* is peculiarly attractive in the intrinsic interest
of the topics selected, and the manner of their
treatment. It opens with a delightful paper on
"Persian Poetry," which contains numerous trans-
lations executed by an accomplished pen, and, as
we suspect, improvements upon their originals:
"The Birds of Jamaica" are next treated of, and
these are followed by an able review of Mr. Amos's
"Trial of the Earl of Somerset." An essay on
"International Law," will be found to bear upon
questions lately mooted in Parliament and by the
press. "The Life of George Fox," which was re-
viewed so elaborately by a valued contributor to
THE CRITIC, is the theme of a powerful paper here.
Mrs. BUTLER'S "Year of Consolation" affords
abundant extract, and a learned and closely rea-
soned paper on "The Bank Charter Act," is the
political article of the number. These more elab-
orate papers are followed by reviews of several
foreign publications and short notices of a whole
library of English books.

The Gentleman's Magazine, for July, amid its
usual variety of antiquarian intelligence, introduces
some curious statements relative to Memorials of
St. Peter existing in Suffolk, and an elaborate
review of PRESCOTT'S "History of Peru." Its
Obituary continues to be its distinguishing feature.
But there is something in the very aspect of this
periodical that inspires respect. One of the most
acceptable of its papers is a list of the contributors
to the *Quarterly Review*, a portion of which, re-
lating to the most recent volumes we extract, as
likely very much to interest our readers.

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* An article on this subject in the 51st vol. of the Quarterly, inadvertently attributed to the Bishop of London, was written by Mr. Fishlake.

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Dolman's Magazine, for July, contains many pleasant papers fitted for other than Catholic readers. The "Sketches of Irish Legislators" promise to be very amusing, and there is, no doubt, a great deal of unwelcome truth in "The Reminiscences of Cambridge, by a Trinity Man."

Sharpe's London Magazine, for July, contains some clever woodcuts, and a quantity of reading, original and select, the former generally respectable, the latter uniformly excellent. Most of the woodcuts are copies of the best pictures in the various exhibitions, and therefore extremely interesting to those who cannot see the originals. They convey a perfectly accurate conception of the composition and drawing.

The People's Journal, for July, continues its attractions of name as well as of theme. Among the contributors to this part are Lord NUGENT, Mr. BATEMAN, FRANCES BROWNE, Miss GILLIES, and others well-known to fame. The woodcuts are very clever, especially FREDERICK TAYLOR'S "Crossing the Brook."

The Eclectic Review, for July, opens with a powerful and sarcastic essay on "the Late and Present Administration," indicating the strong feeling which prevails against the whigs, among the dissenting body whom this review represents, in consequence, as we presume, of their Educational views and avowed distaste for the voluntary principle. "PRESCOTT'S Conquest of Peru" is treated at a length proportioned to its great merits. "Papin and Steam Power" varies theology with science, whence we turn to History in a notice of LINGARD'S "History of the Anglo-Saxon Church," and then to Biography in HONY'S "Memoir of Dr. Yates." "The Duties and Position of Dissenters at the Coming Election," is the appropriate theme of an eloquent paper with which the review closes.

Simmonds's Colonial Magazine, for July, besides the usual mass of colonial intelligence, contains papers on "Emigration," on "Convict and Free Labour in New South Wales," by Mr. R. P. WELCH, on the "Forest Trees of New Brunswick," with a continuation of the "Reminiscences of Cuba," which we have before noticed.

THE SERIALS of the month comprise continuations of old acquaintances already described, and which, therefore, it will be sufficient merely to name.

The *Illustrated Shakespeare*, Part V. Orr and Co. contains "Macbeth," "Troilus and Cressida," and "Timon of Athens," lavishly illustrated.

The fourth part of Mr. KNIGHT'S delightful *Half-hours with the Best Authors*, continues his excellent design in the spirit of its beginning, introducing the best writers of our country, in portions fitted each for half an hour's reading per day.

The *Rev. T. Milner's Gallery of Nature*, Part V. completes the description of the ocean, and then depicts the changes in the land, illustrating them with numerous woodcuts of singular beauty.

Mr. Wordsworth's *Greece, Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical*, Part V. equally, with its predecessors, surprises by the number and beauty

of its engravings, which bring it almost within the department of Art.

Mr. Knight's *Edition of Shakspeare*, Part IV. contains "The Tempest," "King John," "King Richard II." and the first part of "King Henry IV." It is remarkable for the value of its notes, its accuracy, and cheapness.

The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge, Part VI. beyond all compare the most extraordinary publishing enterprise of our time, advances from "Asia" to "Australia."

Dr. CARPENTER'S *Popular Cyclopædia of Natural Science*, Part V. continues the subject of Natural History, which is lavishly illustrated with engravings, and exhibits in its composition that facility for making himself understood by the unlearned, in which the author is without a rival.

Knight's Farmers' Library and Cyclopædia of Rural Affairs, Part V. treats of "The Horse," and gives every kind of information relating to him.

The Land we Live in, Part II. is devoted successively to descriptions, with woodcuts, of "Windermere," "Sheffield," "Birkenhead," and "Cambridge," and forms very amusing as well as instructive reading.

Mores Catholici, Part XXXII. appears to be as far off from the end as ever.

Mr. W. B. Jerrold's *Disgrace to the Family*, Part 2. is evidently a work of promise; but it is too soon to venture an opinion.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Thoughts on the Poor Relief Bill for Ireland, together with Reflections on her Miseries, their Causes, and their Remedies. By JOHN EARL OF SHREWSBURY. London, 1847: Dolman.

THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY is a nobleman in the strict sense of the term,—generous, high-minded, sympathising with every sorrow of his countrymen, even to the meanest beggar by the highway side; earnest in his desire for their benefit, and energetic in his efforts to carry out practically the plans his philanthropy has suggested. Any hints from such a man, upon such a theme as the condition of Ireland, where the wisest and most experienced statesman finds himself at fault, will be received with respect, and read with confidence that it is, at least, the production of a kind and honest heart. His views must be sought in his pamphlet, where they are stated with an earnestness that often rises to eloquence. He reviews the various measures which have become law, and those still under consideration, and asserts that they are incompetent to their object, and inconsistent one with another. The only fault we have to find with the noble Earl's essay is, that he is content with criticising the plans of others. He should have gone further, and proposed a plan of his own; for, as a general rule, a man is not entitled to condemn the practical propositions of statesmen, unless at the same time he shews how the object can be better attained. If this rule were followed, discussions would be reduced to reasonable dimensions, and the time now wasted in talk would be employed in action.

A Review of Railways and Railway Legislation, at Home and Abroad. By SAMUEL SHAEN, Jun. London: Pickering.

A STARTLING protest against the neglect that Railway Legislation has received from the hands of the Government, which has permitted the growth of a gigantic power, holding in its hands that which is one of the foremost of the functions of a government—the internal communications of a country, without checks and conditions which should secure the public interests from sacrifice to private gain. Nothing can well be worse than Railway Legislation hitherto; and it would seem as if it is not likely to be improved, so great is the influence exercised by the companies, and so much is the next Parliament likely to be over-ridden by this new and dangerous power, that had never entered into the calculations of politicians, and which will baffle the conjectures of the wisest. Mr. SHAEN has treated the entire

question with great ability, and having fearlessly exposed existing evils, he concludes with a series of practical suggestions for future legislation, which M.P.s present and prospective, as well as their constituents, should carefully read and reflect upon preparatory to action in the new Parliament.

RELIGION.

Is Christianity from God? or, a Manual of Christian Evidence, &c. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. London: Hall and Co.

AN argument to prove Christianity to be of divine origin. It is based upon natural philosophy, and in creation does Dr. CUMMING find his evidence of the truth of revelation. He boldly grapples with all the difficulties started by sceptics, and shews that upon a close and fair investigation they melt like mists before the sun. He does not, therefore, discountenance investigation; on the contrary, he rather courts it. He is prepared to grapple with every antagonist, and it must be admitted that he gives them some ugly falls. The chapter entitled "Is the Bible contradictory?" is a remarkable specimen of close reasoning, and the work is peculiarly adapted to be placed in the hands of youth to strengthen the foundations of their faith.

Sacramental Services. By WILLIAM MACCALL, Author of "The Agent's of Civilization," "The Education of Taste," &c. &c. London: Chapman.

WE have here three short addresses, which are likely to be of much benefit to the cause of genuine religion. Lengthy lectures often tire the attention, but the addresses before us have power to invigorate the spirit. Mr. MACCALL has sufficient courage to be natural, and is sufficiently natural to be eloquent. We have often regretted the conventionalism of thought, as well as the conventionalism of deed, which intrude themselves where least of all they should be found. It must be admitted that the sacramental altar is not free from this intrusion. It is this objectionable part which Mr. MACCALL would crush, and in its stead give breath and vitality to that simple and earnest worship which Nature dictates, and which God approves. The tract before us has no doctrinal niceties and crudities. We have the kernel and not the husk.

The author combats that belief which makes the service of the sacrament a superstitious rite. "But there is a contrary error," Mr. MACCALL observes. "There is the reaction of fanatical doubt against the weakness of unquestioning credulity. There is a cold and shallow rationalism, that sneers at the spiritual and rejects the invisible; that measures Jehovah's universe with the tiny grasp of its limited and presumptuous sense; that tests the spontaneous emotions of piety by the mathematical standard of an acute but narrow understanding; and that shrivels, with its utilitarian touch, the fresh and living lineaments of faith into a skeleton hideousness. Against this error let us pray; against this error let us contend. It is the error which, more than all errors, has been fatal to the success of certain sections of the Christian Church, and especially so to that section of which we are the followers. We have so accustomed ourselves to expose and to denounce the follies and inconsistencies of bigoted believers, that we have nearly forgotten to believe." All the readers of this extract will feel its truthfulness and its power; but it would not be just to quote much from the pages of a tract which can be purchased at so low a price. We cordially recommend *Sacramental Services* for their truly devotional spirit.

Dialogues on Universal Salvation and Topics connected therewith. By DAVID THOM. Second Edition. London: Lewis.

AN essay in the form of dialogue on a subject of universal interest, written with a power of argument and energy of expression that have already secured for it an extensive popularity, as proved by the appearance of "second edition" upon the title-page.

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

The Birds of Jamaica. By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE; assisted by R. HILL, Esq. of Spanish Town. London, 1847. Van Voorst. Mr. GOSSE is already known to the lovers of Natural History as the author of a delightful volume which he published in the name of "The Canadian Naturalist." He was then residing in Canada, as an agriculturist; he has since emigrated to Jamaica, and there pursued the same observations upon the habits of the tribes of air which people that island. The results of his researches are contained in the volume before us, to which Mr. HILL, an enthusiastic naturalist of Spanish Town, has largely contributed.

The Birds of Jamaica belongs to the class of natural histories of which GILBERT WHITE is the acknowledged leader, and which numbers as of its company JESSE, WATERTON, AUDUBON, WILSON, and some others. He is not content with finding new species, and giving to each its proper place in the scientific catalogue, and defining in technical language the peculiarities upon which its title to admission is founded; he endeavours to be really the bird's biographer, gleaming the story of its life from personal inspection of its manners and pursuits in its native haunts, where no fetters are imposed upon the freedom of its will. And not only does Mr. GOSSE take the trouble to trace out and observe these characteristics of his feathered friends—he possesses also the scarcely less needful faculty of narrating them in graphic language, that paints the object as distinctly upon the reader's mind as if it had been presented bodily to his eye. His ideas are all imbued with the spirit of the field and the forest; nature inspires every page, and, without resort to artifice, he produces all the results of consummate art in his descriptions. So true it is, that to please, an author who has thoughts worth the telling needs only to "speak right on," and he will command an audience.

No less than 128 birds are described in this volume, as belonging to Jamaica, many of them being here for the first time introduced into the catalogue of the earth's inhabitants. To be at once scientific and entertaining Mr. GOSSE presents a precise technical description of each in a note, and in the body of the text he gives minute and curious details of its habits. From the latter we shall glean the delightful specimens by which we shall best recommend the volume to the perusal of our readers.

To the vultures Mr. GOSSE has paid particular attention, and he has collected a large quantity of facts on the controversy whether sight or smell is the sense by which this bird discovers its prey at such extraordinary distances. His own opinion is, that both senses combine to produce the result. These, communicated by Mr. HILL, are a few anecdotes of

THE VULTURE'S ALDERMANIC POWERS.

A poor German immigrant, who lived alone in a detached cottage in this town, rose from his bed, after a two days' confinement by fever, to purchase in the market some fresh meat for a little soup. Before he could do more than prepare the several ingredients of herbs and roots, and put his meat in water for the preparation of his pottage, the paroxysm of fever had returned, and he laid himself on his bed, exhausted. Two days elapsed in this state of helplessness and inanition, by which time the mass of meat and potherbs had putrefied. The stench becoming very perceptible in the neighbourhood, vulture after vulture, as they sailed past, were observed always to descend to the cottage of the German, and to sweep round as if they had tracked some putrid carcase, but failed to find

exactly where it was. This led the neighbours to apprehend that the poor man lay dead in his cottage, as no one had seen him for the two days last past. His door was broken open; he was found in a state of helpless feebleness; but the room was most insufferably offensive from something putrefying, which could not immediately be found; for the fever having deprived the German of his wits, he had no recollection of his uncooked mess of meat and herbs. No one imagining that the kitchen pot could contain any thing offensive, search was made every where but in the right place. At last, the pot-lid was lifted, and the cause of the insupportable stench discovered in the corrupted soup-meat. Here we have the sense of smelling directing the vultures, without any assistance from the sense of sight, and discovering unerringly the locality of the putrid animal matter, when even the neighbours were at fault in their patient search.

Some few days succeeding this occurrence, after a night and morning of heavy rain, in which our streets had been inundated to the depth of a foot, and flood after flood had been sweeping to the river the drainage of the whole town, a piece of recent offal had been brought down from some of the yards where an animal had been slaughtered, and lodged in the street. A vulture, beating about in search of food, dashed in a slanting direction from a considerable height, and, just resting, without closing his wings, snatched up the fresh piece of flesh and carried it off. Here was the sense of sight unassisted by that of smelling, for the meat was too recent to communicate any taint to the morning air, and the vulture stooped to it from a very far distance. On another occasion, very near to the time when these facts attracted my notice, a dead rat had been thrown out, early in the morning, into the street, having been caught in the previous night. Two vultures sailing over head in quest of a morning meal descended at the same time, stooping to the dead rat, the one from the south the other from the north, and both seized the object of attraction at the same moment. Here again was the vision, unaided by the sensitiveness of the nostrils, directing two birds, with the same appetite, at the same moment, to the same object. For the next example I am indebted to the records of a police court. A clerk in the engineer department at Up-park Camp, brought before the magistrates of St. Andrew's, on the 20th of January, 1840, a man who had been beset in the night by the dogs of the barracks. The poultry yard had been repeatedly robbed; and this person was supposed to have been prowling after the roost-fowls at the time the dogs rose upon him. This case had been heard, and the man committed to the house of correction, when a complaint was presented against another man, whom Major G. also of the camp, had detected under similar circumstances, and lodged in the guard house. Two days after his detection, the Major observed some carrion vultures hovering about a spot in the fields, and on sending to see what was the matter, a Kilmarnock cap, containing a dead fowl, and some eggs, tied up in a pair of old trowsers, was found very near to the spot where the prisoner was caught. This discovery, by the aid of the vultures, confirming the suspicion against the prisoner, he was condemned. The last instance that I shall relate is one in which the senses of hearing, seeing, and smelling were all exercised, but not under the influence of the usual appetite for carrion food, but where the object was a living, though wounded animal. A person in the neighbourhood of the town, having his pastures much trespassed on by vagrant hogs, resorted to his gun to rid himself of the annoyance. A pig, which had been mortally wounded, and had run squealing and trailing his blood through the grass, had not gone far before it fell in the agonies of death. At the moment the animal was perceived to be unable to rise, three vultures, at the same instant, descended upon it, attracted no doubt by the cries of the dying pig, and by the scent of its reeking blood; and while it was yet struggling for life, began to tear open its wounds, and devour it.

One of the most interesting of his sketches is that of

THE NEST OF THE PALM-SWIFT.

I observed several small swallows flying above some cocoa-nut palms; they uttered, as they flew, a continued twittering warble, shrill but sweet, which attracted my attention. I commenced a careful search with my eye of the under surface of the fronds and spadices of one, and at length discerned some masses of cotton projecting from some of the spathe, which I concluded to be their nests. This conjecture proved correct; for presently I discovered a bird clinging to one of these masses, which I shot, and found to be this white-rumped swift. On my lad's attempt to climb the tree, eight or ten birds flew in succession from various parts where they had been concealed before. The tree, however, was too smooth to be climbed, and as we watched beneath for the birds to return, one and another came, but charily, and entered their respective nests. Although several other cocoa-nuts were close by, I could not discern that any one of them was tenanted but this, and this so numerous, whence I inferred the social disposition of the bird. At some distance we found another tree, at the foot of which lay the dried fronds, spadices, and spathe, which had been, in the course of growth, thrown off, and in these were many nests. They were formed chiefly in the hollow spathe, and were placed in a series of three or four in a spathe, one above another, and agglutinated together, but with a kind of gallery along the side communicating with each. The material seemed only feathers and silk-cotton (the down of the Bombax)—the former very largely used, the most downy placed within, the cotton principally without; the whole felted closely, and cemented together by some slimy fluid, now dry, probably the saliva. With this they were glued to the spathe, and that so strongly, that in tearing one out it brought away the integument of the spathe. The walls of the nests, though for the most part only about a quarter of an inch thick, were felted so strongly as to be tenacious almost as cloth. Some were placed within those spathe that yet contained the spadices; and in this case the various footstalks of the fruit were enclosed in a large mass of the materials, the walls being greatly thickened. All the nests were evidently old ones, for the Bombax had not yet perfected its cotton; and hence I infer that these birds continue from year to year to occupy the same nests, until they are thrown off by the growth of the tree. The entrance to the nests, which were sub-globular, was near the bottom.

Every country has some bird which it delights to honour, on which poets lavish their lays, and whom superstition surrounds with fable. Such is the Green Tody, commonly called

THE ROBIN REDBREAST OF JAMAICA.

One captured with a net in April, on being turned into a room, began immediately to catch flies and other minute insects that flitted about, particularly little destructive Tineæ that infested my dried birds. At this employment he continued incessantly, and most successfully, all that evening, and all the next day from earliest dawn till dusk. He would sit on the edge of the tables, on the lines, on shelves, or on the floor, ever glancing about, now and then flitting up into the air, when the snap of his beak announced a capture, and he returned to some station to eat it. He would peep into the lowest and darkest corners, even under the tables, for the little globose, long-legged spiders, which he would drag from their webs and swallow. He sought these also about the ceiling and walls, and found very many. I have said that he continued at this employment all day without intermission, and though I took no account, I judged that, on an average, he made a capture per minute. We may thus form some idea of the immense number of insects destroyed by these and similar birds; bearing in mind that this was in a room, where the human eye scarcely recognized a dozen insects altogether; and that in the free air insects would doubtless be much more numerous. Water in a basin was in the room, but I did not see him drink, though occasionally he perched on the brim; and when I

inserted his beak into the water he would not drink. Though so actively engaged in his own occupation, he cared nothing for the presence of man; he sometimes alighted voluntarily on our heads, shoulders, or fingers; and when sitting would permit me at any time to put my hand over him and take him up; though when in the hand he would struggle to get out. He seemed likely to thrive, but incautiously settling in front of a dove-cage, a surly baldpate poked his head through the wires, and with his beak aimed a cruel blow at the pretty green head of the unoffending and unsuspecting Tody. He appeared not to mind it at first, but did not again fly, and about an hour afterwards, on my taking him into my hand, and throwing him up, he could only flutter to the ground, and on laying him on the table, he stretched out his little feet, shivered, and died.

Another favourite with the peasantry, and consequently with our author, is

HOPPING DICK.

The birds on which the peasantry in any country have conferred homely abbreviations of human names, are, I think, only such as have something lively and entertaining in their manners. Examples of familiar birds will at once occur to an English reader, and the subject of the present note is by no means an exception to the rule. He is one of the liveliest of our Jamaican birds: in woody places his clear whistle perpetually strikes the ear of the passenger, as he sits among the close foliage, or darts across the glade. Not unfrequently we are startled by a shrill scream in some lonely place, and out rushes the hopping dick, jumping with rapidity across the road, almost close to our horse's feet. He greatly reminds me of the English blackbird, in his sable plumage and bright yellow beak,—but especially when hopping along the branches of some pimento-tree, or upon the sward beneath, in those beautiful parklike estates called *pens*. The keen glancing of his eye, his quick turns and odd gesticulations, the elevation of his long tail almost erect, his nods and jerks, have in them an uncommon vivacity, which is not belied by his loud voice, as he repeats a high mellow note four or five times in rapid succession, just preparatory to, or during, his sudden flights from tree to tree. His notes are various: sometimes we hear him in the lone wood, uttering, *click, click, click*, without variation of tone or intermission, for many minutes together. His song, which I have heard only in spring, is rich and mellow, much like the English blackbird's: he sits in some thick tree, or wood, particularly at earliest dawn, and pours forth his clear notes in a broken strain, and often in a subdued tone, as if singing only to please himself. I happened to wound slightly two of these birds on the same day, which I placed in a cage. They were free and easy from the first, very clamorous, and even headlong in their sudden movements. I found that they would seize and devour with eagerness cockroaches, hard beetles, worms, and even small lizards. I gave them a bunch of the ripe, but dry and insipid berries of a species of *figus*, which they readily picked off and ate. The fruit of this fig they are fond of in a state of freedom; and such is their impudence, that they prevent the baldpate pigeons, though so much bigger, from partaking. The baldpates would willingly eat the little figs also, but the hopping dicks scream and fly at them, and peck their backs, so as to keep them fluttering from branch to branch, reluctant to depart, yet unable to eat in comfort. At the break of day, if we pass along a wooded mountain road, such as that lonely one at Basinspring, in Westmoreland, particularly when the parching winds called *norths* have set in, in December and January—we see the hopping dicks bounding singly along the ground in every part; but during the day they resort in numbers to the diminished springs and ponds which yet remain, where, after quenching their thirst, they enjoy the luxury of a bathe.

But the humming-birds are the most conspicuous objects in Mr. Gosse's museum. He has collected a more ample account of these loveliest spirits of the air than any hitherto contributed to natural history. It is

necessary to understand their *habitat*, therefore we introduce them with his sketch of

A JAMAICA ROAD.

The small bushes of lantana, so common by roadsides, and always covered with orange and yellow blossoms, are favourite situations for the domestic economy of this minim bird. The smooth twigs of the bamboo, also, are not unfrequently chosen. It is not an uncommon thing in Jamaica for a road up a mountain to be cut in zig-zag terraces, to diminish the steepness; and, to prevent the lower side of such a road from crumbling away, stems of green bamboo are cut and laid in a shallow trench along the edge. Shoots spring from every joint, and presently a close row of living palisades are growing along the margin of the road, whose roots, as they spread, effectually bind together the mountain-side, and make the terrace perpetual; while, as they increase in height and thickness, they throw their gracefully-waving tufts over the way, like gigantic ostrich plumes, affording most refreshing shadow from the heat. Such a bamboo-walk, as it is called, winds up the steep side of Grand Vale mountain, in St. Elizabeth's, and here the nests of the vervain humming-bird are frequently met with. One day in June, being up this road, I found two nests attached to twigs of bamboo, and one just commenced.

(To be continued.)

ART.

The Art Union, for July, besides its ample accounts of the Exhibitions, contains engravings of "Dryburgh Abbey;" Mrs. HALL's tale of "Midsummer Eve," exquisitely adorned with fanciful sketches, as poetical as the writing; portraits of BAILEY, the sculptor, and of WARD, R. A. and a multitude of woodcuts scattered among the text.

Part II. of *The Tradesman's Book of Ornamental Designs* will, we hope, by its elegant patterns, help to improve the national taste.

Part IV. of the *Pictorial Life of our Saviour*, adds the attractions of respectable woodcuts to a well-written narrative.

NEW COINAGE.—The new Crown Piece has been issued from the Mint. It is so elaborate a work of art, that the 5s. piece would probably be worth 10s. were it issued from any other die-stamper's shop than her Majesty's. On the obverse is a portrait of Queen Victoria, with a crown on her head; her hair plaited and banded; her robe worked with roses, shamrocks, and thistles, and other ornaments. The legend is—"Victoria Dei gratia Britanniar. reg. f. d." On the reverse, the arms of the three kingdoms are represented, not quarterly, but on separate escudoons, ranged base to base, in the form of a cross,—an arrangement not observed on our coin, we believe, since the Union or the time of William III. In the intervals is an elaborate fretwork, with rose, thistle, and shamrock. The legend is—"teatur unita Deus+anno dom. mdcclxviii." On the edge we read—"deus et tutamen+anno regni undecimo;" a rose between each two words, a crown between the sentences. All these legends are in the old black letter, and the style of the ornaments is mediæval. From the separation of the coats of arms, this piece might be called the "repeal dollar." The execution is very beautiful, but too fine and minute for a coin. It is better suited to a medal, which is always kept in a drawer, in a leather case, or under glass. The embroidery of the robe, the legend at the edge, and the ornamental parts generally, will soon be rubbed down under the friction of general circulation. The requisites of a coin are these:—1. Beauty of execution; for that is the best of all checks against imitative forgery; and in this respect nothing can be said against any of the coins that now emanate from the English Mint. 2. Simplicity and distinctness of design; so that the coin may retain its main characteristics through all its rubs. 3. Such design as is conducive to the utmost rapidity in the process of striking the coin; so that no hindrance may arise at times of sudden pressure. 4. Perfect plainness of value; in order to which it is best that the coin should bear its name or value legibly inscribed, as "One Shilling," or the like. In all these respects Napoleon's coins of the kingdom of Italy were models,—models which the present designer to our Mint has followed in a congenial and original

spirit. But, considered as a coin, the Crown Piece before us is a falling off.—*Spectator.*

GRATUITOUS ADMISSION TO WESTMINSTER HALL.—On Monday, the 19th inst. the public will be admitted, free of charge, to view the works of art now exhibiting at Westminster Hall.

SIR H. SMITH.—A highly characteristic bust of this distinguished general has been executed by Mr. Park, the sculptor, and is at present to be seen in his studio in Bruton-street, Berkeley-square. The likeness is considered most striking, and the design of the bust and the arrangement of the drapery are in Mr. Park's happiest style. All the details of the face, and they are many, both rigid and undulating, have been elaborated with fidelity and care; and the result is a portrait, distinguished by its truth of resemblance in air, contour, and expression. It is to be forthwith executed in marble, and its destination is Glasgow, where the gallant officer is well known and highly appreciated.

DISCOVERY OF ONE OF CUYP'S SEA-PIECES.—At the sale of a gentleman's effects, a few weeks ago, at Burnley, in Lancashire, an old painting was disposed of, which seemed to attract no attention, except on account of the old oak-boards upon which the painting was executed. Upon being cleaned and examined, the name of A. Cuyp was discovered in the dark sail of one of the vessels, of which the piece contains seven. It is now in the possession of Mr. Wilkinson, schoolmaster, of Burnley.

MUSIC.

Caldwell's Musical Journal, Part I. Edinburgh; is a very cheap collection of music, some original, others selected; the former are unusually good for original music, and the latter are chosen with taste.

The Musical Bouquet, for July, comprises music from VERDI, AUBER, and SPOHR, so far preferable to the trash of original contributors, and therefore deserving support.

Wood's Edition of the Songs of Scotland, Nos. IV. and V. contain some of the best Scotch Songs, admirably set for a pianoforte accompaniment. It is one of the most acceptable of the musical enterprises of the day.

BEETHOVEN'S MUSIC IN EGMONT.

We have great pleasure in recording an act of homage offered to this work of the great BEETHOVEN, not less as an acceptable tribute to high art, than as an instance of happy adaptation on the part of those engaged in its production. We have to thank Mr. MULLER for promoting the good cause, in conjunction with Mr. WILSON, the eminent Scotch vocalist, at whose house the experiment was first made. Many of our readers, to whom the overture to *Egmont* is familiar, are perhaps unaware that BEETHOVEN composed other music, songs, *entr'actes*, and incidental descriptive strains for that celebrated tragedy of GOETHE. In the elements of this poem, BEETHOVEN found those stirring themes which awakened all his sympathies. Greatness of soul pursuing liberty even unto death; and woman's devoted love anticipating the doom of all it held dear by a self-inflicted sacrifice. These are the golden threads upon which men weave the fabric of their fame—these are the lamps of their immortality, and not the dull or prurient tales to which our degraded composers are bound and fettered. Here the composer finds the noblest thoughts already attuned by a master hand to the fittest words—of which he foreshadows the import in according strains. The tragedy of GOETHE, however, has been felt, in Germany, to be too long a performance if given with the music of BEETHOVEN. An ingenious poet, GRILLPARZER, has therefore thrown the incidents into a descriptive form, in the intervals of which, corresponding with the episodes of the play itself, the musical illustrations are introduced. This paraphrase has been very closely rendered into English by Mr. MULLER, and was declaimed with good taste by Mr. WILSON; to whom, by the bye, his brother professors owe no small amount of thanks, for shewing the public that it is possible that a singer may have intellectual capacity beyond that necessary for the comprehension of the platitudes of the Drury-lane band. When will art vindicate itself—how long shall it truckle at the heels of managers and music-sellers?

There are a few songs to which Mr. WILSON imparted all the sweetness of his own tender style. That of *Clara* is an exquisite conception, realised by the singer in a kindred feeling. Mr. MULLER has done much to entitle him to the gratitude of all good musicians; if it were in our power, we would elect him an honorary member of the Philharmonic Society at once. We should be glad to see a series of concerts conducted upon a similar plan, equally determinate in object, equally complete in execution. Mr. WILLEY's compact and efficient band rendered the orchestral parts of the score with a purity and accuracy which reflect the highest credit upon their talents. We must not withhold from Mr. NICHOLLS, the oboist, the record of the *encore* which rewarded his chaste and finished performance of the *obligato* in the music descriptive of the meeting between *Clara* and *Egmont*. It is due also to all engaged in this admirable work to state that it was performed without a rehearsal—how well those who were present can amply testify. We may hereafter give a detail of the plot, and point out some of the many beauties with which the work is crowded. In the meanwhile we hope that Mr. MULLER will afford our academy an opportunity of forming their own estimate of the grandeur of this creation of the mighty master, and of the talent and artistical feeling with which all engaged minister to the development of the whole. Among the numerous *virtuosi* and professors present was Mdle. JENNY LIND.

THE DRAMA, &c.

THE FRENCH PLAYS.—Mdle. RACHEL, the SIDDONS of France, has commenced an engagement of a few nights with CAMILLE, in CORNEILLE's *Les Horaces*. Since last we saw her, she has improved considerably. There is more power and less rant; age has added dignity to her form and mien; her voice is fuller and rounder, and her movements are more firm and stately. We confess to a great dislike of the French classical drama, with its stilted declamation and its impracticable attempts at unity; and even RACHEL's passion cannot reconcile us to its violations of nature. But it is an evidence of the genius of the artist who could of her own power give interest to scenes that of themselves appeal to no sympathetic chords in the soul, but only to rules of art and the judgment of the intellect. The curse in the fourth act was delivered with a burst of fury that startled the audience, and the actor fairly triumphed over the author. The words are tame enough:

"Puisse-je de mes yeux y voir tomber ce foudre,
Voir ses maisons en cendre, et tes lauriers en poudre,
Voir le dernier Romain à son dernier soupir,
Moi seule en être cause, et mourir de plaisir!"

But RACHEL threw all her soul into them, and CORNEILLE disappeared, and the imprecation was hers. Thunders of applause followed, and at the fall of the curtain she was called upon the stage to receive the vociferous welcome and the bouquets of a crowded audience.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. and Mrs. C. MATTHEWS are attracting crowded houses nightly, spite of the summer weather. The gentleman is as voluble, the lady as lively as ever. Cheerfulness is the characteristic of any stage in which they appear, and the house reflects the aspect of the stage.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—This favourite and famous place of summer resort is as popular as ever. The entertainments are of the usual varied kind—the theatre, the fireworks, and the inimitable Arabs. Music, dancing, and refreshments—whatever can contribute to the enjoyment of an evening, are here collected.

ROSHERVILLE GARDENS, GRAVESEND.—These delightful gardens attract thousands of visitors; and no wonder that they do so, when every amusement that can be well imagined is to be found there, and no expense and trouble are spared by its spirited proprietors to support the fame they have acquired. The gardens are tastefully laid out, and the walks that surround the upper part of them are quiet and shady, and romantic little seats and groves are interspersed, from which fine views of the surrounding scenery can be obtained. For those who are fond of amusements and gaiety there are the archery ground, the rifle gallery—the maze—the gipsy fortune-tellers, and a list of others too numerous to be named, besides dancing in the elegantly decorated hall, under the auspices of the well-known Baron NATHAN, whose

indefatigable exertions set the visitors whirling in the delights of either the waltz, the polka, or the cellarius. In the hall are also to be obtained refreshments of all kinds at a moderate price. A good band is constantly playing in various parts of the grounds, and to wind up the whole is a display of fireworks. No wonder then that with so many amusements to suit all classes, and the entrance fee only 6d. it should be so thronged with visitors; and we trust that the proprietors will receive an ample dividend as an acknowledgment from the public for their exertions and outlay in catering to their amusement so successfully.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, &c.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

Oxford, June 28.

THE anticipations of the members were not disappointed in the punctual arrival of the special train, which arrived here at eleven minutes to eleven o'clock, conveying his Royal Highness Prince Albert, who was accompanied by Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar.

The announcement of Prince Albert's visit of course deferred the consideration of the most interesting papers until it would be most convenient for him to attend. The time of his arrival at the geological section was very appropriate, and it was when a communication was being made by Count Rosen, on behalf of the Crown Prince of Sweden, regarding some maps which he had made, and which were there faithfully delineated, of the elevations and depressions of Scandinavia.

Sir R. I. Murchison next stated, in connection with the above, that Professor Nilsson, from Stockholm, would read a lengthened detail of his geological researches in Sweden. These would develop the existence of a very large number of fossil remains, hitherto unknown in those regions. Amongst these were the remains of the rhinoceros, and of the oxus, the only living representative of the mammoth,—a living specimen of which the Emperor of Russia, in whose dominions they were now found to exist, had promised to send over to this country. Amongst the specimens, likewise, which he would describe, were several skulls of a Celtic race, who evidently had formerly made an invasion of that country. The learned professor, who then delivered his address in Swedish, was listened to with great attention.

The royal visitors next proceeded to section D, where Professor Allman read a paper on some very interesting developments of organic life, particularly in the larva of *Plutella Fruticosa*. At the chemical section, the chief papers were—one by Mr. Robert Hunt, on the principles upon which the glass is selected for the great palm-house at Kew. From experiments which he had made, under the direction of Sir W. J. Hooker, he had found that decomposition in plants always proceeded under the red ray, and therefore the principle of his plan for their protection was to select a colour in which the peculiar influence of such rays could be effectively prevented. This was most satisfactorily effected by the use of green glass, to a recurrence to the use of which the old horticulturists in the neighbourhood of London had at once given their approbation. It was necessary, however, that no manganese should be used in its composition, as its introduction had a tendency to make it a pink colour, which possessed one of those injurious attributes which were to be avoided.

Mr. John Chanter then, on the part of Baron Charles Wellerstedt, read a paper on the protection of ships' bottoms from destruction by chemical or injury from mechanical agency, and which he demonstrated could only be effectively done by the application of the peroxide of some metal, that which had proved the most effective being the metal copper. The paper was illustrated by some very interesting specimens, both of chemical action and organic growth, highly satisfactory in demonstrating the accuracy of the principles which had in this paper been for the first time advanced. From hence, after a hasty visit to some of the other sections, Prince Albert visited the Horticultural Fête, held at the magnificent gardens of Trinity College, where the collection of plants was very numerous, and prizes were very liberally distributed.

The other proceedings at the sections were numerous and varied. Sixteen papers were down for reading at the mathematical and physical sections, and twelve at the chemical. At the latter, Mr. Ward gave some curious and well-defined results of experiments on crystallization, produced under high pressure, which was caused by the great condensation of caloric, caused by chemical affinity. In the geo-

logical section Sir R. I. Murchison gave an account of Count Keyserling's geological explorations of North-Eastern Russia; and at that of natural history, Mr. J. O. Westwood shewed the existence of the potato disease to a considerable extent in many parts of Oxfordshire, which must have been unconnected totally with aphides. In confirmation of these might be adduced the additional remarks made by Mr. Pringle on the potato disease in Canada. The papers read at the other sections were of less interest.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert left the city by a special train at half-past four o'clock. The greatest decorum was observed by the numerous strangers assembled; and the police arrangements were well conducted by Mr. Lucas, the city marshal.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

Mind and Matter, illustrated by Considerations on Hereditary Insanity and the Influence of Temperament in the Development of the Passions. By J. G. MILLINGEN, M.D., M.A. Author of "Curiosities of Medical Experience," &c. London, 1847. Hurst.

[CONCLUDING NOTICE.]

THE next topic treated of by Dr. MILLINGEN is *Mental Power*. This depends upon the balance of the mental faculties. The control we have over our passions depends upon the proportion of their power to that of the reason and of the moral sentiments. When any one faculty is so predominant that the others cannot control it, we have the condition of insanity called *monomania*, of which some curious instances are here related. We take one reported by Dr. HAWKINS.

CASE OF MONOMANIA.

A young and, until that period, a healthy woman, the mother of five children, in humble, but not in indigent life. She experienced the most miserable feelings of gloom and despondency, accompanied by a strong, and, by her own account, an almost irresistible propensity, or temptation, as she called it, to destroy her infant. This feeling came on when the child was a month old. She begged to be continually watched, lest she should yield to this strange desire. In this state she was admitted into the Hitchin Dispensary. Her digestive functions were much deranged, and she suffered from a tape-worm. Five months after her admission she took the small-pox. During the eruption the mind was serene and happy, and she felt free from the dreadful temptation by which she had been grievously tormented. But upon the subsidence of the small-pox, the propensity returned with all its former horror. However, this disease shortly after began to decline, without any apparent cause, and she was discharged. Her child was now six months old, and she seemed quite well. She bore another child, and, about a month after its birth, she was assailed with a similar propensity to destroy it. The symptoms continued until the child was half a year old, and from that time gradually declined. Occasionally, for a few days, a sort of change took place; the propensity to destroy the child being replaced by an equally strong disposition to commit suicide. It is worthy of remark, that during the most distressing periods of her disease, she was perfectly aware of the atrocity of the act to which she was so powerfully impelled, and prayed most fervently to be enabled to withstand so great a temptation.

The Doctor devotes the second part of his discourse to a general view of the passions, first describing and classifying them. He then considers the influences that modify their development, as society, government, religion, habits, fashion, literature; climate has always been considered as much affecting the character of a people. Crime is proved by the statistics of all countries to be singularly governed by external causes. A few instances will interest the reader. Thus:

PROFESSIONS AND CRIME.

The statistics of crime in France have shewn that evil passions are elicited in some classes and pro-

fessions more than in others. Out of 15,872 persons committed on criminal charges, 3,138 were field-labourers: only thirty-one artists and twenty-four students appear in this fearful catalogue of offences; and what is still more singular, only seventy-eight of the most degraded class of women, upon whose conduct the police keep an incessant and vigilant look out. Next to field-labourers, stood domestics of various descriptions, the delinquencies of personal servants amounting to 1,198. The crimes of the labourers may be attributed to want, those of domestics to temptation; and yet, amongst the thousands of students and artists that crowd the French metropolis and populous cities, many of them in the most abject necessity, and of humble origin, we only find fifty-five offenders. Does not this fact speak volumes on the question of education?

QUETELET, who has paid particular attention to this subject, thus states the results of his observations:—

THE LAW OF CRIME.

Society (he says) contains in its bosom the germs of all the crimes that will be committed, and, at the same time, the necessary facilities for their development. It is society, one may say, that to a certain extent prepares these crimes, and the criminal is only the instrument of their execution. Every social state admits a certain number and a certain order of delinquencies, that are the consequent results of its organization. This observation, which may at first appear discouraging, affords consolation when you closely consider it, since it shews the possibility of ameliorating mankind by modifying their institutions, their habits, and their intellectual faculties, and in general any thing that relates to their existence. Every year witnesses the reproduction of the same number of crimes, in the same order, in the same regions; each category of criminality exhibits its peculiar, and—more or less—its invariable distribution, according to sex, to age, to the season of the year; all are accompanied in a similar proportion by accessory facts, apparently indifferent, but the recurrence of which nothing as yet can explain. Experience demonstrates, that not only murders annually amount to the same number, but the instruments of destruction are selected in the same proportion.

Civilization exercises a very important influence over the passions, and Dr. MILLINGEN has endeavoured, in a very elaborate chapter, to measure its extent. But we must omit his review of the particular passions, and the facts which he has gathered illustrative of their effects. Fear is implanted in us for the purpose of self-preservation. But when in excess, its effects are terrible, and it is one of the most uncontrollable of the passions. For instance—

EFFECTS OF FEAR.

The celebrated Marshal Luxembourg was always affected with a bowel complaint during a battle. This circumstance, which is by no means uncommon, has led physiologists to consider it as the result of a relaxation of the sphincters; but this opinion has been contradicted, and the affection of the digestive organs is attributed to an alteration in their secretion, that assume a morbid, stimulating, and an acrid nature, thereby occasioning great local irritation.

Again—

A very singular case of this alteration in the secretions, on a sudden moral impression, fell under my care: it was that of a young lady of remarkable beauty; but, unfortunately, the secretion from the axillary glands was so offensive, that she was unable to go into society with any degree of comfort. This affection was sudden, and arose when she was about fourteen years of age, when she was in India, and witnessed the murder of her father and her brother by some mutinous Sepoys.

Anger is of two kinds—*red anger* and *pale anger*.

DIAGNOSIS OF RED ANGER.

The first is of a violent and explosive nature; it generally affects the sanguineous: the circulation of the blood is accelerated—the breathing is difficult and panting—the features flushed—the swollen veins are visibly enlarged under the integuments—the eyes flash fire and become injected with blood—the lips, contracted, expose the teeth—the voice becomes hoarse—the hearing difficult—foam will occasionally issue from the mouth; in short, the features assume the character of mania, arising evidently from a congestion of blood on the brain; and under the violence of the paroxysm the angry man will know no restraint, and is indeed, for the time being, a maniac, indiscriminate in his fury, and perfectly uncontrollable. Such was the case of Charles VI. of France, who, being violently incensed against the Duke of Bretagne, and burning with a spirit of malice and revenge, could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, for many days and nights, and at length became furiously mad; as he was riding on horseback, drawing his sword, and striking promiscuously every one who approached him.

DIAGNOSIS OF PALE ANGER.

In pale anger, the liver, the digestive organs are more engaged, and jaundice, inflammation of the liver, bilious dejections are frequently ushered in. In this anger, the circulation is languid, the pulse small and irregular, the breathing short and oppressed, a cold perspiration oozes from every pore, the teeth are locked or chattering, the eyes fixed and glassy, the features pale and contracted, a general tremor shakes the whole frame, and the individual sufferer—for such he is—appears overwhelmed by the exaltation of his passion; he can scarcely articulate a word, stammers his execrations, and seems to seek for language sufficiently energetic and bitter to express his wrath; his countenance is so altered by the violence of his emotions, that he is scarcely recognisable. Milton has powerfully described this physiognomic change in the unruly fermentation of the mind:—

"Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face,
Thrice chang'd with pale ire, envy, and despair;
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
Him counterfeit."

Dr. MILLINGEN introduces a long and amusing essay on Love, and another on Jealousy, for which we must refer the reader to his volume, which is peculiarly adapted for popular reading. It does not profess to be learned or profound, but to convey useful information to commonplace people.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE doings at Cambridge fully occupy many a tongue and engross the thoughts of numerous devotees to excitement and show. The "installation" has passed off grandly, peaceably; and Cambridge has strained its every nerve to welcome with display and joyfulness its sovereign and the royal consort.—The *Morning Chronicle* has lowered its price to 4d. and thereat the *Times* is very wroth. A bandying of words is the result, and each party pleads energetically for or against what may now be called the cheap print movement. The *Times* disputes that a genuine newspaper can be sold for less than 5d. A penny less asked, and incompleteness must be a necessary consequence, it argues. And by figures it shews that the expenses of paper, stamp, printing, and machinery for each copy of its journal, is within three-eighths of a penny of the amount received. And the *Chronicle* naturally and reasonably replies that the ponderous, heavy-looking daily supplement of the *Times* is not a necessary attendant of other journals, and that therefore in its absence, 4d. recompenses a publisher better than does 5d. if it accompany.—It is now suggested that the funds being collected for a Caxton monument should be devoted to the building of printers' alms-houses. This would be a worthy way of perpetuating the name of one who is supposed to have been the first English printer. There is already a fund of the kind, but it falls far short of the claims upon it.—The British Museum

Commissioners have held their first meeting. Mr. J. Payne Collier has been appointed secretary. Mr. Collier has devoted many years to literature, especially to that of the olden time; but besides being deep in "black letter" lore, he has those habits of application and business which peculiarly fit him for his new office.—A pension of 100*l.* per annum has been granted to Mr. Newport, F.R.S., one of the founders, and lately president, of the Entomological Society. This is rather a mean reward for the merits of the recipient, but it is something to have prevailed upon the Legislature to recognise, so fully as they now do, the claims of genius.—In the publishing world the magazines have been the chief attraction of the week. We understand that Lady Morgan is occupied in preparing the first volume of a series, with the title of *Memoirs of Myself, by Myself*, drawn from the diaries and correspondences of her social and literary life. A Mr. Pearson has announced *The League's Convert: a Tragedy in Five Acts*. The title smacks much of clap-trap; and, we doubt not, is a pretty fair guide to the nature of the production. We cannot fancy free trade expounded in a tragedy! Political economists tell us that as a blessing it should be represented, and that it produces peace and happiness—not blood and strife.—M. Aimé Martin, formerly one of the senior editors of the *Journal des Debats*, has recently died at Paris. He has latterly acted as conservator of the Library of St. Geneviève.—The fourth volume of the *King of Bavaria's* poems is now published.—Professor Wilson has ceased to be the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE Wellington-Statue subject is not allowed to rest. The *Times* is its fixed friend, and Lord George Bentinck, in the Commons, perpetually provokes ministers with his questions and retorts. Viscount Morpeth's asseverations of a determination to remove the unsightly piece of metal are becoming small by degrees; and opinions among artists and students still condemn the proposition for removal.—The last meeting for the session of the Institution of Civil Engineers was held on the 29th of June. Several apparently excellent papers were obliged to be read in abstract, because there was not time for giving them *in extenso*.—By letters from Breslau, we learn that the inauguration of the statue of Frederick the Great took place in that city on the 27th ult. in the presence of the King and the Prince of Prussia. Among those who assisted at the ceremony was an old veteran, 109 years of age, who had served in the armies of the great King. He was dressed in the Prussian uniform of the time of the seven years' war, in which struggle he took part. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, his Majesty and the Prince quitted Breslau by the railway for Berlin.—An admirable likeness of the gallant Hardinge appears upon a medal lately executed by Mr. G. G. Adams, in honour of the victories achieved under his lordship's auspices, and in his inspiring presence on the banks of the Suttlej. On the obverse there are two allegorical figures—one of Minerva, and another of an armed warrior presenting to her, the wise divinity of war, the patroness of war "to conquer peace," a lowered sword and an up-raised branch of olive. The one had his lurid flash; the other suggested the many-coloured hues of Hope, which would adorn the pictures in the train of the results of a lengthened peace. It is a sort of symbolism in metal of Edwin Landseer's moral lessons on painted canvas—*War and Peace*. The work of art, in all respects to which criticism could be applied, is good.—A contributor to the *Daily News* informs his readers that "Overbeck has just executed one of those graceful and touching little outline drawings in which his real genius is conspicuous. Bishop Gillies, who is personally a most amiable and kindly man, full of zeal for bettering the operative classes, has founded, it appears, a sort of holy guild in modern Athens; and prizes are given to those of the brotherhood who excel in 'thrift and cleanliness.' Overbeck was asked by the patriotic prelate to furnish the design for a medal to be distributed on these occasions—and I have seen the result. It

is the holy dwelling at Nazareth,—displaying a modest but neat interior. Mary is at her distaff on the right. Joseph plying his axe on the left, and the mysterious young Indweller among men is humbly engaged sweeping the chips of wood from the earthen floor with simple dignity. The general effect is harmonious and beautiful."—Mr. Wyon, graver in the Royal Mint, has produced a new five-shilling piece, of beautiful execution. It differs from our present coin in representing the head of the Sovereign crowned, as was the general custom on English coinage up to the reign of Charles I. A greatly improved appearance is thus produced.—The congress of the Archaeological Institute will be held at Norwich, at the end of the present month, and the next meeting of the British Association will take place at Swansea.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

The eighth meeting of the Musical Union, being the last for the present season, was held at Willis's Rooms on Tuesday. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge attended, but Dr. Spohr was "the lion" of the occasion. One of his works was introduced, and his presence acted as an incitement to exertion among the artists. The programme was very varied and superior.—M. Jullien will open Drury Lane Theatre for the ensuing season with Promenade Concerts. Mr. Bunn, who has declined to renew the lease, has entered upon another speculation, and is off to Paris to make several important engagements.—The Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden will be closed during the autumn and winter.—The prices asked for admission to hear Jenny Lind's forthcoming warblings at Manchester are very high.—Madame Bishop is off to America, hoping there to find more admirers than her native land has produced.—Mr. W. M. Cowell's New Oratorio *Hezekiah*, was performed at the Sacred Harmonic Society's Rooms last week. The music is by Mr. Perry, so long a contributor to the stock of the Harmonic Society. It is full of evidences of great acquaintance with the world of music, but not a spark of genius or a fine burst of originality can be discovered throughout the whole piece,—and indeed such seems to be the nature of all new music of our day. Even Dr. Walmesley's installation ode is a copy, though not a servile one, of the peculiar traits of Mendelssohn.—The last of the Ancient Concerts was given on Wednesday week; and the Beethoven Quartett Society have also closed for the season.

WIT AND WISDOM OF THE WEEK.

The following Ode from the pen of WORDSWORTH, the poet, was set to music by Professor WALMSLEY, and performed at the inauguration of Prince ALBERT this week at Cambridge:—

ODE.

INTRODUCTION AND CHORUS.

For thirst of power that Heaven disowns,
For temples, towers, and thrones,
Too long insulted by the Spoiler's shock,
Indignant Europe cast
Her stormy foe at last
To reap the whirlwind on a Lybian rock.

SOLO—Tenor.

War is passion's basest game,
Madly played to win a name;
Up starts some tyrant, Earth and Heaven to dare;
The servile million bow;
But will the lightning glance aside to spare
The despot's laurelled brow?

CHORUS.

War is mercy, glory, fame,
Waged in Freedom's holy cause;
Freedom, such as man may claim
Under God's restraining laws.
Such is Albion's fame and glory:
Let rescued Europe tell the story.

RECIT.—(Accompanied)—Contralto.

But, lo! what sudden cloud has darkened all
The land as with a funeral pall?
The Rose of England suffers blight,
The flower has drooped, the isle's delight,
Flower and bud together fall—
A nation's hopes lie crushed in Claremont's desolate hall.

AIR—Soprano.

Time a checkered mantle wears;
Earth awakes from wintry sleep;
Again the tree a blossom bears,—
Cease, Britannia, cease to weep!
Hark to the peals on this bright May-morn!
They tell that your future Queen is born!

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHORUS.

A Guardian Angel fluttered
Above the babe, unseen;
One word he softly uttered—
It named the future Queen:
And a joyful cry through the island rang,
As clear and bold as the trumpet's clang,
As bland as the reed of peace—
"Victoria be her name!"
For righteous triumphs are the base
Whereon Britannia rests her peaceful fame.

QUARTETT.

Time, in his mantle's sunniest fold,
Uplifted on his arms the child;
And, while the fearless infant smiled,
Her happy destiny foretold:—
"Infancy, by wisdom mild,
Trained to health and artless beauty;
Youth, by pleasure unbeguiled
From the lore of lofty duty;
Womanhood in pure renown,
Seated on her lineal throne:
Leaves of myrtle in her crown,
Fresh with lustre all their own.
Love, the treasure worth possessing
More than all the world beside,
This shall be her choicest blessing,
Oft to Royal hearts denied."

RECIT.—(Accompanied)—Bass.

That eve the Star of Brunswick shone
With steadfast ray benign
On Gotha's ducal roof, and on
The softly flowing Leine;
Nor failed to gild the spires of Bonn.
And glittered on the Rhine.
Old Camus, too, on that prophetic night,
Was conscious of the ray,
And his willows whispered in its light,
Not to the zephyr's sway,
But with a Delphic life, in sight
Of this auspicious day.

CHORUS.

This day, when Granta hails her chosen Lord,
And proud of her award,
Confiding in that star serene
Welcomes the Consort of a happy Queen.

AIR—Contralto.

Prince, in these collegiate bowers,
Where science, leagued with holier truth,
Guards the sacred heart of youth,
Solemn monitors are ours.
These reverend aisles, these hallowed towers,
Raised by many a hand august,
Are haunted by majestic powers,
The memories of the wise and just
Who, faithful to a pious trust,
Here in the founder's spirit sought
To mould and stamp the ore of thought
In that bold form and impress high
That best befit patriot loyalty.
Not in vain those sages taught.
True disciples, good as great,
Have pondered here their country's weal,
Weighed the future by the past,
Learned how social frames may last,
And how a land may rule its fate
By constancy inviolate,
Though worlds to their foundations reel
The sport of factious hate or godless zeal.

AIR—Bass.

Albert, in thy race we cherish
A nation's strength that will not perish
While England's sceptred line
True to the King of Kings is found;
Like that wise ancestor of thine
Who threw the Saxon shield o'er Luther's life,
When first, above the yells of bigot strife,
The trumpet of the living Word
Assumed a voice of deep portentous sound
From gladdened Elbe to startled Tiber heard.

CHORUS.

What shield more sublime
E'er was blazoned or sung?
And the Prince whom we greet
From its hero is sprung.

Resound, resound the strain

That hails him for our own!
Again, again, and yet again,
For the Church, the State, the Throne!
And that presence, fair and bright,
Ever blest wherever seen,
Who deigns to grace our festal rite,
The pride of the islands, Victoria the Queen!

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